

Independent

WOMAN

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FEBRUARY, 1949

**She Helps us
Know Lincoln**

by Shan O'Laughlin Durkin

**City of Lighted
Schoolhouses**

by Josephine Purtell

**Providence to
the Ravellese**

by Lanfranco Rasponi

**How Foreign Are
Foreign Affairs?**

by Esther W. Hymer





INDEPENDENT WOMAN

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Editor-in-Chief

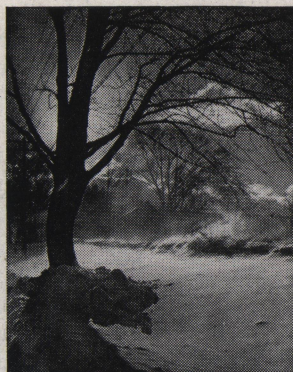
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IN DEFENSE OF FEBRUARY

And who among us says she is not lovely,
She of the white fields and the silver skies,
Has never known the lonely moods of Beauty,
Who now wears sorrow in her shadowed eyes.

For lo, she is a minor note in music,
Sung on the night wind, and her grieving heard;
She is a poem written in deep silence
Until the dawn reads every crystal word.

And who among us says she is not lovely,
She of the dark tree branches' quiet grace,
Shall never know the depths of Beauty's meaning,
Nor understand the splendor of her face.

—Lea Ann Abernathy

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BY SHAN O'LAUGHLIN DURKIN

SHE HELPS US KNOW LINCOLN

THE village of New Salem, Illinois, where Lincoln lived from 1831 to 1837, nestles on a high plateau above the lazy Sangamon River. The path which Lincoln trod from his work in the Berry-Lincoln store when he went to visit his neighbors winds along just as it did then. The Onstot cooper shop looks exactly as it did when the fire burned low after young Abe had finished his studying for the night.

The twenty-three cabins, constructed after the original designs by the state of Illinois through its Department of Public Works which has charge of New Salem State Park, occupy the same foundations on which they were originally built, and are furnished in precisely the same manner as they were in Lincoln's day. From the huge walnut chest in the Hill house, the most pretentious in Salem Village, to the smallest saltcellar in the humblest cabin, everything is as it was—or as it might have been—in Lincoln's day. Many

For the authenticity of the furnishings, we are indebted to the historical knowledge and discriminating selections of Mrs. Pond

pieces were actually used in the village during the years when New Salem was Lincoln's home.

The assembling of these furnishings, for which the contents of so many middle western attics were turned out, and the checking of each article for its authenticity and its appropriateness to the place and the period, was no small matter.

For this contribution to an understanding of the Lincoln era and the Lincoln country, the people of these United States are indebted to Fern Nance Pond, historian of the New Salem project and a member of the Cabin Furnishings Committee and the Committee on Authenticity, who for years now has been a resident of Petersburg, only two miles from New Salem.

Fern Nance Pond may be said to have come naturally by her interest in Lincolniana, because Mrs. Pond is a lateral relative of Parthena Nance Hill who lived in New Salem from 1835 to 1839.

When the village of New Salem was abandoned, James Nance, Parthena's brother, in common with most of the other villagers, established residence in

Left to right: Restoration of the home and store of Samuel Hill and (beyond) the Berry-Lincoln store where Lincoln used to work



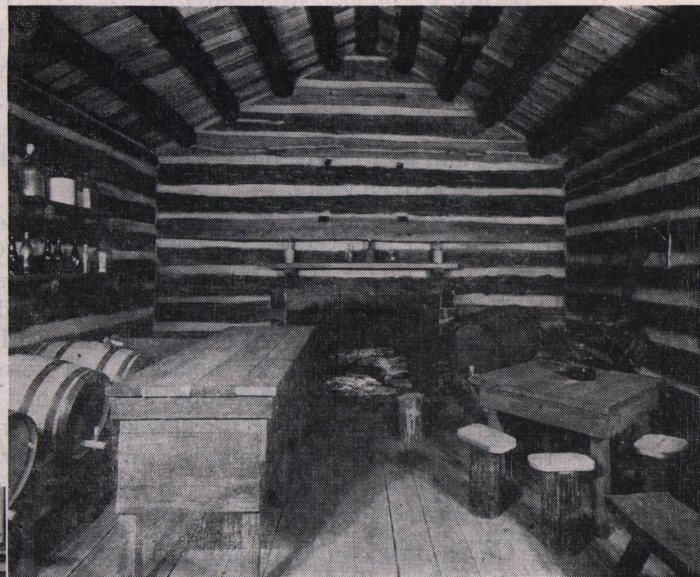
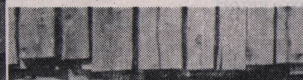
An authority on Lincoln, Fern Nance Pond is likewise a lover of animals



As restored, the Hill home is an example of how pioneers of substantial means lived in our country a century ago

Photographs courtesy of
Division of Parks, Springfield, Illinois

This is how the store where New Salem people bought their groceries looked in Lincoln's day



Above: Interior of the Berry-Lincoln store showing the kind of merchandise that Lincoln sold. Right: The blacksmith shop of New Salem, as restored



Petersburg. There, Franklin Carey, his son, was born and reared. There, too, was born Franklin's son, Sevigna E. Nance. Sevigna, following the trend of the times, found his way to Nebraska. There, he met and married Eva Dowe, a school teacher of considerable literary ability. Their daughter, Fern, was born during a howling blizzard, in the same month as Lincoln, on February 26, 1889. By a happy circumstance Sevigna Nance returned with his family from Nebraska to Illinois, and thereby the scene was laid for Fern Nance Pond's participation in the great project of bringing back to life the New Salem Lincoln knew.

Fern, the youngest of the five children, was only one year old when the family returned to Petersburg. There in that drowsy little rural community, she grew from childhood to womanhood, to take her part in the task of restoring the village, and to become an historian, collector, public speaker and writer on Lincolniana.

When the monument to Major B. F. Stephenson, founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, was dedicated, Fern Nance stood wide-eyed while the boys in blue from nearly every state in the Union marched from Petersburg to Rose Hill Cemetery nearby. It may well be that her interest in Lincoln dated from that October day in 1894.

LINCOLN, to her, was always "a man of sympathy who understood." Even while attending Petersburg's elementary school she began compiling a scrapbook of Lincolniana. She, like Lincoln, was eager to acquire all the learning possible. She was graduated from the Petersburg high school and planned to attend college. In this she was disappointed, and instead contented herself with business college. She was appointed deputy in the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court of Menard County. Two years later she was stricken with an attack of typhoid fever that almost cost her life. It was two years before she could resume her work. Then, through all political changes, she remained in the court house for sixteen years.

In 1912, another Lincoln enthusiast, Henry E. Pond, was elected state's attorney for Menard County. Mr. Pond was a graduate of the Lincoln University and the University of Illinois. His grandmother had known and admired the martyred president. When Mr. Pond assumed office in the court house he and Fern Nance found they had much in common. Lincoln, had he been riding the circuit in those days, would have smiled to remember his dilatory manner where romance was concerned, for Henry Pond and Fern Nance were married after a whirlwind courtship.

When the work of furnishing the cabins was planned, Mrs. Pond, already a member of the Cabin Furnishings Committee and Committee on Authenticity, was named historian.

As historian, it was necessary for Mrs. Pond to engage in an intensive study of all things pertaining to Lincoln with particular reference to New Salem. She searched and researched for light on the time and place, the people, customs, manners, political background and economic movements.

The people who flocked to New Salem from far and

near learned of her and her never flagging interest and broad knowledge of all things pertaining to Lincoln and the pioneer period, and soon she was swept into a series of public speaking engagements. Her talks cover the restoration of the village, intellectual New Salem, Lincoln's contemporaries, contemporary documentary New Salem materials, who's who at New Salem, home making at New Salem, and the three romances of Lincoln.

MRS. POND has appeared at the Art Institute in Chicago, the Colonial Coverlet Guild in the exclusive Wedgewood Room of Marshall Field's in Chicago; the Chicago Lincoln Group; the Chicago College Club; the Detroit Review Club; and the student bodies of the University of Illinois, Blackburn College, McMurray College, the Illinois State Normal and Lincoln University. In numerous cities, she has appeared before men's and women's civic clubs and church and social gatherings; and she has addressed the radio audiences.

For a number of years Mrs. Pond has been invited by the Lincoln College at Lincoln, Illinois, to conduct a seminar on Lincoln and New Salem for attendance at which students are given a half credit. Originally she was scheduled to give three lectures. On her latest appearance at the college, she gave five. The two additional lectures were given at the request of the students themselves.

When, in 1939, the Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tennessee, awarded Raymond Massey a diploma of honor for his impersonation of Lincoln in the moving picture, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," Mrs. Pond was presented a like citation for her distinguished service in the field of Lincolniana.

The imposing Pond residence is on the very pinnacle of the highest hill in Petersburg. The ascent is steep, but one is rewarded for the climb by the beautiful view of the Sangamon River from the enclosed porch and the picture window. From another window, pieces of glassware in amber, cranberry, ruby and cobalt blue reflect the sun's rays.

In one room of the house, which is devoted to Mrs. Pond's collections and to historical documents, are pieces of a set of Staffordshire china in the Sprig pattern, imported from England, which storekeeper Samuel Hill gave his wife in the 1830's. These were hauled overland by Lincoln, with other merchandise, from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Salem. Here, also, is Mrs. Pond's collection of dolls, slim-waisted and full-hipped as were their prototypes of the 1880's, all of which were treasures of the little girls of the Nance and Pond families.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Pond does all her own housework, she gives generously of her time and knowledge in her "Trippings Through the Village." On these trips, she has escorted statesmen of both national and international fame, artists, writers, architects, children and adults of religious and civic groups, grade school pupils and university classes. In her guest book are names of persons from all walks of life, high and low, for Mrs. Pond knows no class distinction.

In addition to her speaking and writing on Lincoln and New Salem, Mrs. (Continued on page 59)

OUR BPW SENATOR FETED

When Margaret Chase Smith, the newly elected senator from Maine and a former member of our National Board, was seated in the United States Senate, representatives of our Federation from all over the country gathered in Washington to honor her



Photo by Dimitri Wolkonski, Washington, D. C.

OUR PRESIDENT AND OUR SENATOR

At the luncheon, the National Federation's president, Dr. K. Frances Scott, (right) presided and introduced Senator Smith (left) who, by virtue of the fact that she was at one time president of the Maine Federation, has served the National Federation as a member of its Board. Senator Smith made an address in which she paid tribute to the Federation and made graceful and grateful acknowledgement of the support Federation members had given her throughout her term of office as Congresswoman and in her campaign for the office of U. S. senator

THE first formal statement which Senator Margaret Chase Smith made after having taken the oath of office and been seated in the United States Senate was at a luncheon which the National Federation gave in her honor in the Congressional Room of the Hotel Statler in Washington. Many distinguished members of the government were present as guests of honor as well as large delegations from the federations of Maine and nearby states and a goodly number of representatives from the federations of distant states. The National Federation's president, Dr. K. Frances Scott, presided.

Remarking that she had been elected to the United States Senate not because she is a woman, but in spite of the fact that she is a woman, Senator Smith declared that, in itself, that is a victory for all women because it had smashed the tradition that the Senate is no place for a woman.

"Perhaps the greatest significance of my victory," declared Senator Smith, "is the growing realization that ability and proved performance, rather than sex, are the best standards for political selection just as much as they are for any other kind of selection. I like to think that I am a symbol of this growing realization.

I HAVE been repeatedly reminded that while officially I will be the junior senator from Maine, unofficially, I will be the senator-at-large for women all over the nation. While my first duty is to the people of Maine, I will gladly accept the unofficial responsibility of being senator-at-large for America's women to the extent that the women desire. This would mean that I should hold myself in readiness to be a voice of America's women on the floor of the Senate and in committees.

"But are there any subjects in which women have exclusive interests that might come before the United States Senate? If I were to guess at the subjects of greatest interest to women, I would say world peace and domestic security. But men are just as interested in these subjects as women.

"As the only woman United States senator, I pledge myself to support these objectives—not just because they are objectives of women, but because they are objectives upon which we must lay the foundation of America's future.

"I am proud to have been a member of the BPW for more than twenty-six (Continued on page 59)

BY FRANCES MAULE

As

THE STAGE

GOES . . .

pursuing this train of thought, we made a point of seeing two other current dramatic successes, one a stage play and the other a motion picture, in which women in public office are featured.

The stage play, of course, is "Goodbye, My Fancy"; the motion picture, "A Foreign Affair." In both instances the women officeholders are members of Congress.

The former, starring Madeleine Carroll as the congresswoman, should hold additional interest for us as business and professional women dedicated to the improvement of women's status because it is authored by a woman, Fay Kanin; and also because it has won respectful consideration from the critics for its honesty and seriousness of purpose as well as for its eloquent writing and sound stagecraft. The motion picture, featuring Jean Arthur as the congresswoman, while distinctly a Hollywood product turned out by Paramount with no deeper intent than that of entertaining the

In cap and gown and with speech in hand, Congresswoman Agatha Reed makes ready to receive her honorary degree

IN an explanatory note in regard to the picture on the cover of the January issue of INDEPENDENT WOMAN—which, you may remember, was a photograph of Irene Rich impersonating the first woman president in the Broadway musical show, "As the Girls Go"—we inquired whether the fact that the stage has at last been able to bring itself to contemplate the possibility of a woman's becoming president could indicate a trend. We thought that, quite possibly, it did. And so,

All photographs on this page by Alexander Bender



Glamorously dressed for the evening, she dreams of her plan to revive her old youthful romance

Attended by a student guard of honor, Agatha joins the procession to the hall where she is to receive her degree

Finding that the success of the man she loved is built on compromise, she calls the whole thing off

largest number of paying customers possible, nevertheless represents an improvement in attitude in that it is not the familiar caricature of a woman in public office, and in that the congresswoman is represented as taking her job seriously and conscientiously.

It may be objected that in both instances the congresswomen are rather too young and attractive to be credible as persons who had piled up a sufficiently long and impressive record of public service to have got themselves elected to Congress; and also that, for the public good, they are rather too much occupied with the matter of getting their men. It is not suggested, however, as would inevitably have been the case in the past, that, once having got their men, they were planning to retire immediately from public life and thereafter devote themselves exclusively to home and family life.

From internal evidence to be found in the script, we gather that the congresswoman in "Goodbye, My Fancy" is in her late thirties. Early in the first act, we learn that she was eighteen when, on the eve of her graduation, she ran away from college in order to avoid implicating the professor to whom she was engaged to be married in an escapade which might have interfered with his impending appointment as president of the college. At the beginning of the play, when she comes back at the invitation of her former fiancé, who, as president, has vastly increased the size and prestige of the college, to receive an honorary degree, we learn that twenty years have passed. While Madeleine Car-

roll does not look thirty-eight, she is no more youthful or glamorous in appearance than some of the women who actually have served, or are serving, in Congress.

Thanks are due to the author for a story which presents a woman in public office seriously and in a creditable light. Previous to her election, the congresswoman in this story has made a fine record as a war correspondent on many battle fronts. In Congress, we learn, she has worked earnestly and courageously for measures designed to promote the public good. From the lines spoken by her secretary (Shirley Booth), we learn that she has "pulled no punches," refused to be intimidated, served no private interests, sought no



With a party of members of Congress, the Lady from Iowa alights from a trans-Atlantic plane and is met at the Berlin airport by two officers of the U. S. Army of Occupation

All photographs on this page by Courtesy Paramount Pictures, Inc.



The visiting members of Congress receive a briefing on the problems of maintaining high moral standards in an army stationed in a foreign city

The congresswoman ponders over her report which she is planning to make to Congress

Later she tears up her notes; announces that she will make no report after all

private gain or advancement, never compromised with her convictions.

But of course there could have been no play unless a love interest had been provided. Immediately, therefore, it is made plain to us that when Congresswoman Agatha Reed arrives at her *alma mater* to receive the honorary degree in place of the scholastic degree she failed to get twenty years before because of that disappearing act staged in the interests of the young college-president-to-be, she has come back with the specific intention of marrying her former fiancé, now a well-preserved and impressive-looking widower, impersonated by Conrad Nagel. Everything moves along swiftly and smoothly toward this end until, little by little, Congresswoman Reed, stalwart fighter for her convictions, is confronted with inescapable evidence that the man whose idealized image she had been cherishing in her heart all those twenty years has won and held his place in the world by weak compromise whenever and wherever compromise would advance his personal interests. Disillusioned and infuriated, she tells him what she thinks of him, breaks the engagement, calls off the presentation of the honorary degree and prepares to return to Washington to throw herself whole-heartedly into a whirlwind campaign for reelection to Congress.

For our money, the curtain might just as well have descended right here, but the play goes on to a happy ending with the college president declaring that he has seen the light and will thereafter pursue a course based upon conviction rather than compromise even though he now knows that the autumnal romance can never be revived, and with Congresswoman Agatha Reed announcing that she will accept "a six-years' standing offer" from a camera newsman (Sam Wanamaker) with whom she worked during the war and through whose efforts her eyes have been opened to the fact that her feeling for the college president was actually only a youthful fancy to which it was about time she said goodbye.

QUITE another dish of tea, and by no means as gratifying as promotional material for our campaign in behalf of women for policy-making posts, is the motion picture, "A Foreign Affair."

The story, actually, is just another girl-meets-boy entanglement, except for the modernistic touch that

the girl in this instance happens to be a congresswoman. As the picture begins, a congresswoman from Iowa, played by Jean Arthur, is discovered in a plane about to land at the Berlin airport with a party of members of Congress who have come over to investigate the morale, and the morals, of the U. S. occupation forces in Germany. The congresswoman, who seems to be the only member of the party who really takes the mission seriously, has been entrusted with the task of presenting a prodigious birthday cake to a boy from her home town, now a captain in the U. S. Army forces stationed in Berlin. She delivers the cake to the captain (John Lund) who promptly takes it to the black market and trades it off for a mattress for a German night club singer (Marlene Dietrich) he has taken under his protection.

From that point on the plot unfolds with typical Hollywood briskness, complications and excitement. The congresswoman, in quest of data for the report she is preparing for presentation to Congress, goes to the night club where the captain's frau-lein is singing, and catching the spirit of the place, is soon leading the motley assembly in singing "Out Where the Tall Corn Grows." The place is raided, and the congresswoman, along with the rest of the patrons and the singer, is hustled off to the police station. On the way, the singer, who—we have learned by this time—is a former Nazi of high standing—offers to use her influence to get the German

officer at the police court to let the congresswoman off without showing her passport and revealing her identity—but, only for a price. The singer has reason to suspect that the captain who has been protecting her is beginning to take a more than neighborly interest in the congresswoman from his home state; and in return for the release of the congresswoman, the singer demands that the congresswoman leave Berlin at once. Panic-stricken for fear her identity will be discovered and her position as a congresswoman discredited, she agrees to the terms.

The singer, of course, doesn't stop there. Intent upon keeping her grip upon the source of her immunity from interference from the American occupation forces—to say nothing of her cigarettes, chocolate bars, soap and other luxuries—she drops adroit hints that convince the captain that the congresswoman is merely using him to get material for (*Continued on page 59*)

WOMAN MUST SERVE COMPLETELY . . .

Woman must strive for union of the heart
And head and hand. Only by doing so,
By gaining mastery of every part,
Can she advance, continually grow.
The heart must ever strive for kindliness,
The head be wise to seek the highest good,
The hand be useful, kept in readiness,
Doing the work which can be understood
By those who watch to see what women mean
When they pledge loyalty to world-wide need.

Theories are useless; progress must be seen
In noble act and swiftly finished deed.
Woman must serve completely, as a whole,
Giving the largesse of her mind and soul.

—Louise Darcy

A FRENCH WOMAN LOOKS AT US AND DRAWS COMPARISONS

BY JACQUELINE DE LEON

To a French woman, the surprising thing about American women is that after thirty years of woman suffrage so few hold public office. French women only won the vote in 1944 while the provisional government was still in Algiers, yet today there are women members in all four legislative branches of the national government.

The National Assembly includes thirty-nine elected women deputies of whom two, Madeleine Braun and Germaine Peyroles, have served as vice presidents of the Assembly. Madeleine Braun resigned her vice presidency last year. Thirteen women are seated in the new Conseil de la Republique, elected last year, and Madame Brossolette reelected, and Madame Devaud elected, vice presidents. The other two branches dealing with colonial and economic affairs also include many women. So do the Municipal Council of the city of Paris and local governments elsewhere in France. When you remember that it was not until 1900 that the first French woman received a law degree and not until 1907 that the first woman, Mademoiselle Maria Verone, was allowed to plead in court, the record is impressive.

Foreigners have long liked to say that French women ran the nation without the suffrage as wives and mistresses of men. Except in the well-known historical cases, however, this has always been only about as true as in England and the United States. Average French women early realized the necessity and advantages of equal suffrage and they banded themselves together to work to secure it. Organizations such as L'Union Francaise des Electricites, founded by the late Madame Brunshwig, La Ligue pour les Droits des Femmes, founded by the late Maria Verone, and L'Union Nationale des Femmes, founded by the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, strove diligently for what they won three years ago.

And not only did they achieve suffrage, but at the same time they won equal hours, wages and benefits. Today, as in this country, these same organizations continue to strive for greater benefits in working conditions, child care, and national health. Among the outstanding women connected with such work are: Madame Malater Sellier, Madame Andre Lehmann,

Mademoiselle Butillard, and Madame Coton. Last, but far from least, are women like Germaine Kellerson, Yvonne Bertrand, Lucille Tinayre, Solange Lamblin, Germaine de Brau who continue in the struggle for international peace.

In each of the political parties women are active today. Madame Coton is one of the most active members of the Communist Union des Femmes Francaises. Madame Poinot Chapuis of M.R.P., a lawyer in Marseilles, was one of the first women to serve as a Cabinet Minister. Genviève de Gaulle, who spent two years in German prisons, is sharing a large part of the work in behalf of her uncle, the General. There are scores of other women who hold important public offices in education, labor and social welfare. Two women have been appointed judges in the national courts, one of Civil Law and one of Commerce.

One of the greatest benefits French women have won is that form of social insurance now given to salaried workers, unemployed heads of families, and pregnant women. Every pregnant woman, regardless of financial status, receives an allowance adjusted to the cost of living for each month of pregnancy, an extra ration card and, at the birth of her child, the cost of her delivery. Allowances adjusted to the cost of living are made to families where only one parent works outside the home and the other works in the home for the home and family. Owing to the strict party discipline the percentage of Communist women voting has always been high—ninety per cent. Now, because of the anti-Communist campaign, the proportion of so-called bourgeois women voters has risen from sixty per cent three years ago to over eighty-five per cent.

But the chief concern of the average French woman is the cost of living. The political party promising to reduce the great disparity between inflationary prices and wages receives her foremost consideration. She thinks first of the cost and amount of her bread rather than of the promises of a Communist or Socialist paradise. The effects of the Marshall Plan will be reflected in her vote to the extent that it remedies her immediate personal problem of feeding her own family.



Lights on the Eiffel tower
speak of a revived France

CITY OF LIGHTED SCHOOLHOUSES

BY JOSEPHINE PURTELL

Photographs courtesy
of Milwaukee Public Schools



Under the inspired direction of Dorothy Enderis, Milwaukee's program of recreation for young and not-so-young set a pattern which other cities throughout the entire world are now emulating



WHEN visitors from foreign lands come to the United States to see what we are doing here in the way of providing facilities for recreation for our people," says Howard Braucher, president of the National Education Association, "we route them through the country with Milwaukee last on their itinerary because in Milwaukee they will see combined the best features of the recreational programs of all other cities."

Responsible in a large degree for the acknowledged superiority of Milwaukee's system of public recreation is Dorothy Enderis, head of Milwaukee's department of municipal recreation and adult education from 1920 until September of last year when she turned the active direction of the work over to other hands.

When the retirement of Miss Enderis was announced, the *Milwaukee Journal* published an editorial stating, "In the thirty-six years Miss Enderis has been with the department, she has become a legend and a symbol. No other public servant here has been regarded with greater love and appreciation." The *Milwaukee Sentinel*, commenting editorially on a statement made by Miss Enderis in 1933 that "a sound recreational program to utilize leisure time constructively is the best plank in any crime-prevention program," said, "The

recreational program has proved its worth; it costs money, but it pays rich dividends."

In a letter to Miss Enderis at the time of her retirement, Chief John W. Polcyn wrote, "The Milwaukee Police Department gratefully acknowledges the immeasurable value of the program conducted by the department of municipal recreation, which has contributed tremendously to the cause of juvenile delinquency prevention. About fifty per cent of the youngsters who are referred to the youth aid bureau by policemen on the beat because of neighborhood complaints of misconduct later transfer their interest successfully to the playgrounds and social centers."

TODAY, more than ever, the city is sold on its recreational program. It employs fifty full-time recreation workers and 1,200 part-time workers. Its 1948 budget called for \$800,000. The budget for 1949 was raised by Milwaukee voters to \$900,000.

Milwaukee's general record for law observance is of the highest, and its record both for adult crime and for juvenile delinquency is exceptionally low. Complaints, as noted by the juvenile court and the police department's youth aid bureau, have dropped steadily



After working hours, business girls and homemakers alike flock to the lighted schoolhouses, to find joy in creative expression through engaging in the art that appeals most to them



Old boys and young boys, regardless of race or color, work harmoniously in the craft classes at everything from making musical instruments to the creation of architectural designs for large buildings

since the war. There were approximately 1,000 less complaints in 1947 than the 6,000 in 1946.

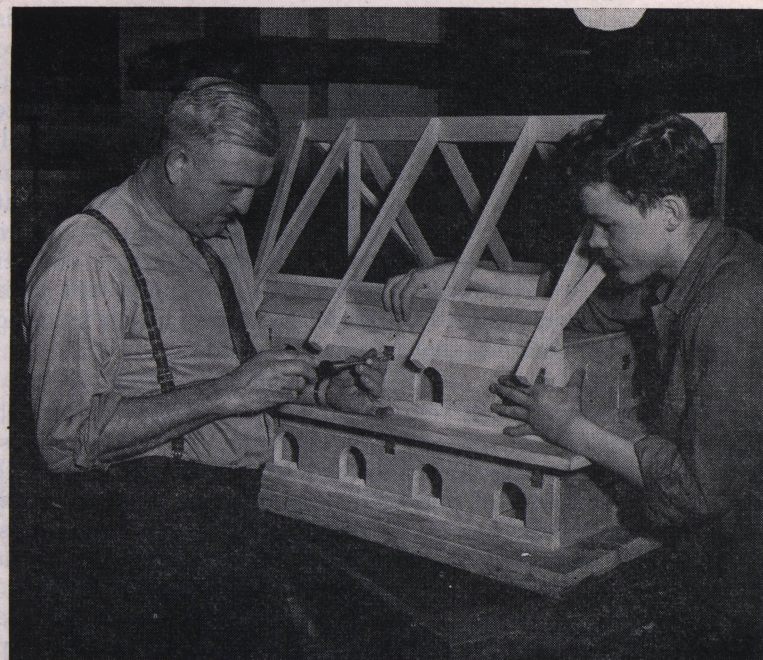
Many groups in the city work together in the interests of youth—agencies of law, public welfare, health, the schools, and the church. Most conspicuous of these, however, is the department of municipal recreation and adult education, headed by Miss Enderis until her recent retirement.

Educators and recreational leaders from all corners of the United States and many corners of the world have come to Milwaukee from time to time to learn Miss Enderis' methods and philosophy.

Just what is this philosophy?

It is a belief in the importance of play—the idea that a child or adult who plays with enjoyment and concentration will carry that same habit pattern into his work life. It is especially important that play be guided at an early age, and that children be given tasks within the limits of their physical abilities and interest span.

Miss Enderis has been a pioneer in stressing the



idea that recreation—she terms it “re-creation”—is education; that it is something more than just sports and games; it is music, art, literature, classes in citizenship, the preservation of the best of the cultures of nationality groups. And she believes, moreover, that it is something that concerns everyone from childhood through old age.

THE department's slogan has become famous—“During working hours a man makes a living; during his hours of leisure he makes a life.”

“It is when a person is not ‘companionable to himself’ that he gets into trouble,” says Miss Enderis. “Through creation of interest in worth-while leisure time habits we in recreation work aim to make a person companionable to himself.”

Milwaukee has been termed “the city of lighted schoolhouses” because the recreational program has been carried on almost entirely by using school facilities afternoons and evenings. At present there are sixty-two organized playgrounds; an intensive municipal athletic program includes twenty-six sports; there are indoor activities in thirty-seven social centers, thirty-one of which are schoolhouses.

All age groups were covered in the four and a half million individual participations in the department's activities for the year 1947-1948. The children's program has, however, always been closest to Miss Enderis' heart.

Children of grade-school age have the run of the buildings five days a week from 3:45 to 5:30. School desks are moved against the walls or into the cloak-rooms, and equipment is brought out for games, athletics, and handcrafts. Creative art, drama, dancing, reading, and club activities make up a well-balanced program. Carried over onto summer playgrounds, it is a godsend to busy mothers.

The evening program, built around interests of adults and high school youth, is designed to provide fun for the whole family. There is a wide variety of sports, crafts, hobbies, and clubs—all attuned to the modern tempo. A feature especially popular with teen-agers is jive rooms with juke boxes and coke bars.

Character building is the first aim of all social center directors. They tell many stories to illustrate how successful the policy is. The following is typical.

At a recent basketball game between social centers, a white boy and a colored boy started a fight that looked as if it might continue after the game. Three colored boys escorted the white boy safely to the street car. “We can't permit fights,” they later told their director. “Our social center has a reputation for good sportsmanship that we must uphold.”

ECONOMY and resourcefulness are developed through the use of odds and ends on the playgrounds. As an instance of the idea that “rubbish is just waste matter out of place,” little girls make doll beds from cigar boxes and miniature furniture from orange crates. During the war the children contributed much to the war effort through wastepaper and salvage drives.

To retrace the story of Dorothy Enderis as a recreational leader it is necessary to go back to her Mil-

waukee childhood. It is fortunate for the history of recreation that Henry and Julia Enderis, Swiss emigrants, settled in a foreign neighborhood in 1881 when Dorothy, the last of six children was only a year old. The father was a busy newspaperman, and the little girl accompanied her mother on visits to the needy.

A graduate of the Milwaukee public schools and the Milwaukee State Teachers' College, she spent eight years as assistant librarian at the college. When she learned that she could make five dollars a month more as a schoolteacher than the forty dollars she earned as librarian, she went to teach in a district of the city known as “The Bloody Fifth.”

Mindful of her mother's advice, “Don't forget that those children have hearts and souls, just as well as minds and bodies!”, she promptly proceeded to win over youngsters regarded by others as rowdies.

In 1911 a bill was passed by the state legislature recognizing recreation as education. Miss Enderis and two other Milwaukee educators chosen to direct the new program were a great curiosity in those days, for many looked askance at the idea of recreation going into the education field.

Appointed head of the department in 1920 at the age of forty, she showed herself to be a practical idealist. She proved to hard-headed, conservative Milwaukee that she delivered value by keeping accurate attendance statistics and using them convincingly to get money from the taxpayers and the common council.

IN 1933 her alertness to the needs of the community brought her first civic award, the local Cosmopolitan Club meritorious service medal in recognition of her establishment and successful operation of the Social Center for Unemployed Men.

Many awards followed, including an honorary master's degree from Lawrence College in 1935, a certificate of distinctive service from Marquette University in 1937, and an honorary doctorate of recreation service from Carroll College in 1944. She is an honorary member of the Junior League.

• She became a national figure in 1944 when Frances Perkins, then U. S. Secretary of Labor, appointed her a member of the advisory committee on leisure time services of the U. S. Children's Bureau.

“An outstanding thrill of my life,” she declares, “was the war service award presented me in 1944 on the ‘Youth on Parade’ radio program on the Columbia network for constructive work with youth.”

Other communities may gain ideas and inspiration in their struggle against juvenile delinquency from Miss Enderis' statement in an article in the January, 1948, issue of the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, “Wholesome recreation, it has been very definitely proven, is a deterrent to adult crime and juvenile delinquency. It should, however, also be a matter of life enrichment. Funds spent for a wholesome recreation program are not just an expenditure—they are a saving, for what is spent at the lower end of the line for prevention is saved at the upper end for correction through courts and health and penal institutions. It is more than a matter of saving. It is a matter of investment—investment in a healthy, happy, contented, intelligent citizenry.”



Lady Cilento is a past vice president of the Australian Federation and was the first president of her own club

IN the summer of 1946 Miss Olive Barton, secretary to the British Trade Commissioner in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, and Miss Gurney, secretary of the Greyhound Bus Company, became fired with the idea that the business and professional women of Queensland should no longer be deprived of the advantages of membership in a business and professional women's club.

The Australian Federation, as such, had not yet come into existence, but Miss Barton and Miss Gurney had seen BPW clubs in operation in Sydney, New South Wales and in Melbourne, Victoria, and had been deeply impressed by their value. Therefore, encouraged by the members of these clubs and by the interest of a number of the leading business and professional women of Queensland, they effected a small provisional organization, and this pioneering nucleus invited a number of likely candidates to an informal dinner and set forth the plan.

At first some of the women present hesitated at launching another organization. But once the highly specialized function of the proposed organization was explained and it became clear that no other body in Australia was serving the purposes outlined, the plan was accepted with enthusiasm. With complete unanimity, the woman selected to serve as their president was Lady Cilento, an eminent obstetrician-pediatrician.

Somewhat later, the Australian Federation was formed with headquarters in Melbourne, and Lady Cilento was elected its vice president. Because she was preparing to come to the United States just as her term of office expired, she refused nomination for a new office,

DR. PHYLLIS AND MOTHER M.D.

BY BELLE KRASNE

Because this article illuminates for us so interestingly the conditions of life of our members "down under" it is presented here in lieu of the customary quarterly issue of our International Federation's Widening Horizons

but she is still actively interested and only recently received an encouraging report from her home club.

Proud of what she calls "a fair effort for just under two years," she pointed out that the Brisbane Club now has a membership of eighty-three, with sixty-three different jobs (and not more than three jobs in any one category) represented. Since the inception of the club, a choir has been started; twelve to twenty members are working with an international relations study group; a "migrations" group has been organized as a service for d.p.'s and other businesswomen immigrants to Australia; and a vocational service has been set up which gives guidance to girls in schools, lists all careers with their respective requirements and performs other functions not elsewhere offered in Australia.

The most recent home-away-from-home for Lady Phyllis Cilento is an apartment in Peter Cooper Village, immense housing development in New York City's East twenties. Yet, judging from the way in which she served high tea in this cramped metropolitan atmosphere—capturing the precise flavor of the very British ritual—it is easy to understand how she has been able to adapt herself to a long series of new, unfamiliar environments—not a few of which have been in remote and inaccessible corners of the earth—and to accumulate a brood of six normal, capable and healthy children.

BORN in Sydney, Australia, Phyllis Cilento was educated and lived most of her young life in Adelaide. There her first endeavors at an art school brought on the painful realization that she was not destined to make her mark as an artist. Doing what was then the unconventional thing, she enrolled at the University of Adelaide, became interested in physiology and social

work and eventually gravitated toward the field of medicine. Thirty years ago last November she got her degree in that field.

During her university days, Phyllis Cilento met a young man in chemistry class. She sat at one end of a bench, he at the other, and a romance began over the mundane task of boiling test tubes. Separated during the war while she went to England to take graduate work in pediatrics and he to serve as an army specialist in tropical medicine in New Guinea, they were later reunited, and, in 1920, married. After that the hegira began; the babies followed in rapid succession.

In a rebuilt native house on the edge of a great tidal river in Lower Perak, the Malay States, about thirty miles from a railway, Lady Cilento had her first child. She had been well along in pregnancy when she set out for the hinterlands with her husband and mother, but during her pregnancy and after, she worked as a medical officer at a native hospital which fell under the supervision of her husband. The first baby was already a year old when she and her husband returned to Australia, and a second baby was born in Queensland. Still another child arrived in New Guinea. Then, after seven or eight years of wandering, the family settled in Brisbane where, shortly after, a fourth baby arrived. By the time Lady Cilento had resumed her Brisbane practice and a reasonably settled life, she had borne the last of her family of six, young David, today a boy of twelve, whom she affectionately addresses as "old thing."

IF Lady Cilento's life as a mother has been out of the ordinary, her career as a physician has been no less unusual. A melting pot of religions and races, the Malay States are a fertile field for anthropologists and sociologists but a fetid field for doctors who must cope with ignorance and superstition before they can meet the challenge of disease and sickness. Since few areas of native life are more shrouded in mystery and taboo than birth and death, work among the natives was for Lady Cilento an especially rich experience. Many of the customs which she first encountered when she went into Malaya—which is a melting pot of all the Asiatic peoples—were medically nothing less than shocking. For example, a woman after a confinement was stuffed with prayers written on rice paper; a stone was hung from the village banyan tree whenever a villager became sick; to pacify babies, natives would allow them to suck on primitive toys coated with fly-collecting, germ-infested condensed milk. Her efforts to change these customs often seemed a hopeless task. However, although frequently discouraged by stubborn resistance, Lady Cilento never permitted herself to be balked. No situation that she met was completely beyond medical control. "Wherever you are," she noted, "even when you've got ducks and chickens walking under the bed, you can always make your little sterile patch—boil up your instruments—around the mother."

Tenacity and determination of medical officers ultimately overcame the shyness and superstition of native women, with the result that wards were set up, and natives eventually became willing to pay a dollar (of their currency) per day for medical service. Despite

the fact that Brahmin women refused to come to these wards; despite the fact that Mohammedans refused to submit to operations, and despite the fact that it was difficult to get women away from their families—when people were sick enough, they came. So, while at one time in the Malay States the mortality rate of babies was sixty per cent, the work of the Colonial Health Service reduced this death rate tremendously.

LATER Lady Cilento's husband—then merely Dr. Cilento—was appointed to New Guinea, Australia's mandate, as director of health, and there Lady Cilento again took up medical practice among women and children. As for her husband's achievements, Lady Cilento remarked that through constant vigilance he managed to clear Rabaul, at least, of malarial mosquitoes and to establish an efficient medical service in the vast territory of New Guinea.

It is an interesting commentary on our supposedly antiseptic and hygienic civilization that Lady Cilento's children, not being exposed to the usual children's diseases, escaped with nothing more than a slight case of dysentery and whooping cough, an epidemic of which had broken out among the natives. They did not suffer at all from tropical diseases.

In 1935, Lady Cilento's husband, then director general of health and medical services in Queensland, was knighted by the British Government for his services in making a Pacific Health Survey for the League of Nations. After World War II, he joined UNRRA and was sent to Greece and later to Germany, where he was appointed medical officer, and finally administrative officer, in charge of the British zone. There he organized displaced persons camps and was ultimately named director of the United Nations Division of Refugees. Today, as director of the United Nations Division of Social Affairs, he is working with Palestinian refugees in Beirut, Lebanon. Responsible for organizing relief and rehabilitation there, he deals chiefly with stricken Arabs who are plagued, for the most part, by eye diseases and infections. Under contract to UN, with two of his five years of service up, he will return to Lake Success headquarters as soon as the Red Cross and other agencies take over relief work in Lebanon. This will mean a reunion after a long separation from Lady Cilento and that part of the family which she brought over to the United States with her.

AT present, mostly medical and now mostly adult, the Cilento brood is scattered all over the globe. One son, who went into partnership with his mother after he left the Army, took over the complete practice when she left Australia; another son is a fourth-year medical student in Australia; a daughter there has just graduated in medicine. As for the children who are here with Lady Cilento, an artist-daughter is studying with the abstract painter, Stanley William Hayter; another sixteen-year-old daughter is studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts; and the youngest son is attending McBurney School.

Keen on women's welfare, Lady Cilento nevertheless makes no claim to being a feminist. Avocation in her life has been closely (*Continued on page 64*)



Breaking away from a routine office job, Vivienne Lapham now operates her own photographic business

GOOD-BYE TYPEWRITER — HELLO CAMERA!

ONE day I walked away from routine. Now I find it difficult to believe that for nearly twenty years I pounded a typewriter, made pothooks in a notebook and punched a time-clock.

Today in the midst of my present completely satisfying, if very strenuous, work I often contemplate this phenomenon of a worm that turned! I ask myself how, with my sublime disregard for details, order and time, with more imagination than good sense, and with my great love of people, change, and beauty, did I ever get molded into a groove? And, once there, why did I stay so long?

Grooves, to be sure, do get a death grip upon their victims. In a routine job you never quite forge ahead enough to step forth and try your wings on a solo flight—because, after all, even the most amiable landlords and butchers won't gamble on your future!

It is still something of a miracle to me that I finally did break out of mine. But I did. Today I operate my own business, illustrative and commercial photography. It's a one-woman affair. I'm the cameraman, laboratory technician, salesman, messenger boy. I work harder than I ever did in my life—not eight hours a day, but practically twenty-four—and love it. To say that my work is varied would be putting it mildly. I have photographed movie stars, oil derricks, perfume bottles, butane tanks, transcontinental busses, horses, cows, mountains, babies, senators!

I realize now that, unconsciously, I had been preparing myself for this all my life. They tell me I carried a camera around from the time I could walk. Even my years in the business world served as preparation. A photographer is essentially a dreamer—a good photographer, that is. And a dreamer I was born and would have remained had not those long and practical years in

the world of business forced my feet to the ground and my head out of the clouds.

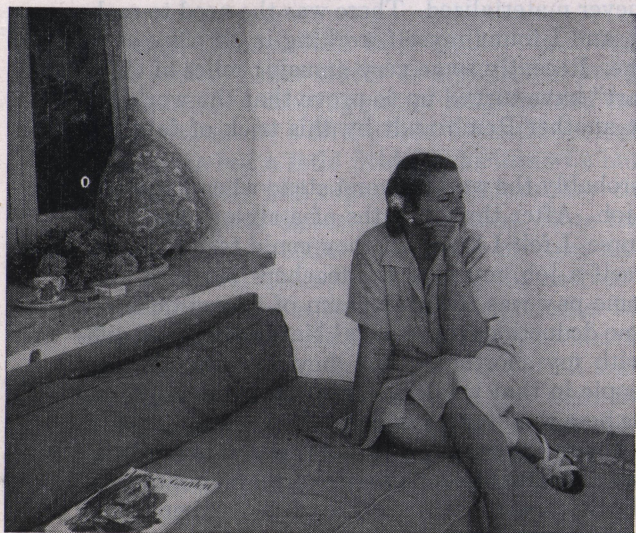
Early ambitions presaged a career as a trapeze artist or bareback rider (difficult to choose between these two, at six!)—later, as a missionary, and then a movie star. And yet, from my earliest recollections there was one constant interest, a firm golden thread through my life, an urgency to create a beautiful picture. This was interpreted as a wish to study art, a wish which never materialized. There was the need to make a living, and I found myself working in an office at an early age. Recently some very amusing relics of childhood “art” have turned up to prove that the world did not lose another Rembrandt by this trick of fate.

I WAS probably the world's worst steno when I took my first job. After three months of a six-months' business course, I felt I knew all they could teach me, and got myself a job, much to my teachers' surprise. The take-home pay was the grand sum of fifteen dollars a week—no deductions those days! Naturally, I had difficulty with my shorthand, but they were wonderfully kind people in that wholesale hardware company, and even the boss would pitch in and help me decipher when I really got stuck. Stove parts and whatnot in hardware terms are difficult to decode from shorthand not too well learned. So, again with surprise, I remember telling them after a couple of months that I was leaving because I had secured a better job. And it was true; I had been offered the grand salary of eighteen dollars a week. They assured me that if I would be patient and wait just a little longer they would see that I got a raise, but patience is not for sixteen, and on my way I went. From there on, it was one job to the next, always a few more dollars, and yet never achieving more than paying my way through life. They say that at long last I became a sort of super-secretary, but that is hardly a matter for self-congratulation considering all the years I spent in office work.

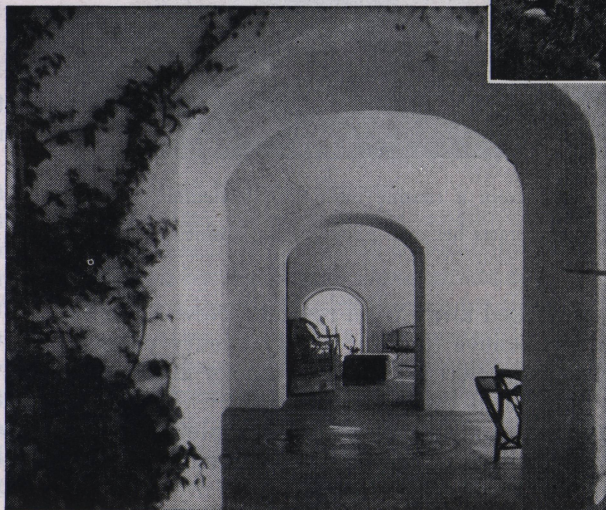
Today I consider myself a success despite the fact that my purse is far from bulging and that I have my moments of frenzy when the (Continued on page 63)



When Ernestine Cannon first saw the Amalfi coastline, she knew her wanderings had come to an end



An exterior (right) and an interior (below) of the villa which Miss Cannon's Italian friends built for her on the ruins of a house dating to the invasion of the Amalfi Coast by Saracens



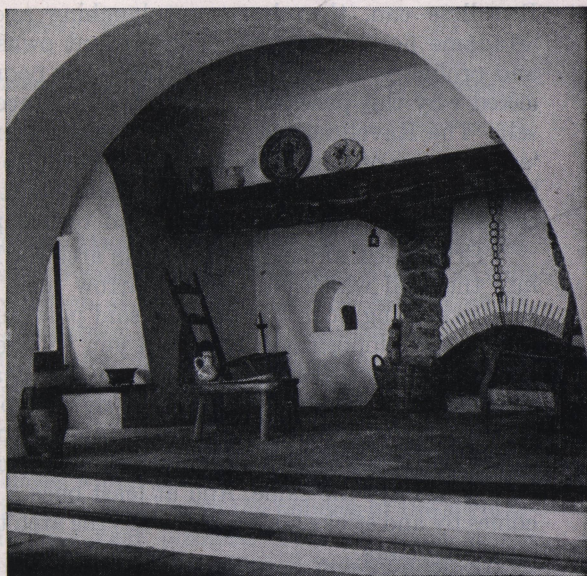
California-born Ernestine Cannon has founded an industry that supports a whole Italian village

WHEN, in 1939, California-born Ernestine Cannon first saw the Amalfi coastline of Italy, she decided that her globe-trottings had come to an end. She found a peasant house dating back to the Saracen occupation of the eleventh century right on the sea and proceeded to make it over in harmony with the requirements of modern living.

Then came the war, and, realizing that all American property would be confiscated, she turned the house over to Count Cittadini and went to Ravello, confident that up there in the hills she would be left unmolested. And so she would have been had not the "black baron" from Calabria resented her presence. Having been accustomed to receiving all the attention of the villagers, he feared that the blonde American would take the spotlight away from him. Therefore he denounced her to the Fascist authorities, asserting that he had seen her building fires nightly as signals to the Allied Navy. She was, therefore, ordered to leave within twenty-four

PROVIDENCE TO THE RAVELLESE

BY LANFRANCO RASPONI



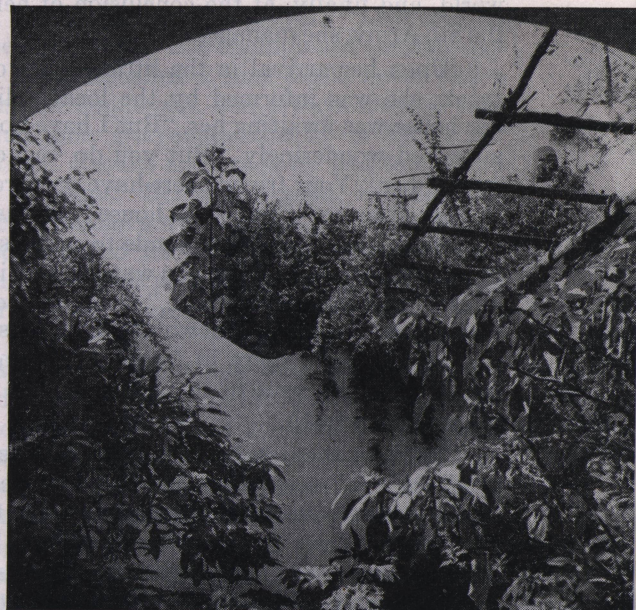
hours. She was interned comfortably in a hotel in Perugia, one of the hill towns north of Rome, where she remained a year, free to roam around the medieval streets and continue her sketching and painting. One night in September, 1943, however, a waiter knocked at her door and warned her that within the next twelve hours, the Germans would take over the peninsula. He had heard, also, that there was probability that the English and American internees would be shipped to concentration camps in Germany.

WHEN Ernestine Cannon left the hotel at seven o'clock the following morning, easel in hand, she wore her fur coat, a woolen dress, and a pair of low-heeled tennis shoes, and her pockets were bulging with all the jewelry she owned, a toothbrush, some soap and a knife. Instead of settling down near the Roman wall where she usually sat for her day's sketching, she continued walking straight on into the hills.



Above: This view of a corner of Miss Cannon's salon shows how effectively tile such as she manufactures can be used as a flooring. Over the fireplace (left) are examples of the plaques made in her factory

A trellis covered with luxuriant vegetation characteristic of the Amalfi Coast shades her terrace



For a solid year thereafter, she roamed around the mountains of Umbria, literally hounded by the Nazi S.S. Due to incorrect information, the Germans were convinced that she was the niece of the Air Force General Cannon. Consequently, she was considered an important hostage, and a high price was placed on her head. In all the towns of the region her photograph was pasted on the walls with the stern threat of death to anyone who harbored her.

She rarely spent more than one night in the same place, moving from one peasant hut or stable to another, and often going without food for several days at a time. Once she stayed for five weeks with Italian partisans. When the Americans eventually took Perugia, she crossed the lines and managed to reach the headquarters of the 8th Army, barefoot, her fur coat torn to shreds, her dress in rags, her jewels long gone to pay for food. Looking like a ghost, she was discovered to have lost forty pounds and to be a victim of nervous exhaustion.

DURING those endless twelve months she reached a definite decision; if she ever came out of that inferno alive, she would spend the rest of her life helping the Italian people get back on their feet. Day in and day out, month in and month out, at dusk, night after night, she had walked into the kitchen of a farmhouse and put herself at the mercy of some peasant's family. In her broken Italian, she would announce that she was an American and that the penalty for giving her shelter was capital punishment. And yet never once had she been refused hospitality, never once had she been turned over to the authorities. Her debt of gratitude towards these people was, she felt, a great one. Never, never, would she fail them.

During those interminable nights, spent in stables or haylofts, the memory of Ravello haunted her more and more. The blue water of the Mediterranean hundreds of feet below, the tall, stately cypress trees dotting the hills like exclamation points, the umbrella pines in their breath-taking setting! Yes, she wanted to return to Ravello more than anything else in the world, and finally, at the conclusion of her work with the 8th Army, she managed it.

Upon her arrival in the little square on an Army truck, she was informed by the local policeman that her house was awaiting her. "But I have no house," she answered wonderingly. "But you do, Signora," he answered her. "Your friends here have prepared it for you in your absence." "But what house?" she asked, touching her forehead with her hands to make sure she was not dreaming. "The house you wanted, the little Saracen house under the Villa Rufolo," he announced. And sure enough, as she walked down the hundreds of steps of the narrow path, there in front of her was the house just as she had wanted it, as she herself would have planned its rebirth.

"I knew then and there that miracles could happen," she said as we sat together on the terrace of her house, her eyes wandering away towards the brilliant red sunset. "Only the skeleton was there before. It is still hard for me to believe that my friends could have guessed exactly what I had intended to do. God must

have really wanted me to have it because the difficulties they encountered in buying it were overwhelming. No one who has not lived in this part of the world can realize the involved aspects of these property deals. In this case, many families had rights over this piece of land. Since I have occupied it, one peasant has come forward with what is known as the pigs' right of passage. He brought forth a very ancient piece of parchment—dating back to the fourteenth century—which stated that the owner gave Messer Paolino and all his descendants forever and ever the right to walk through the property at any time with their pigs.

I ASKED the man for proof that he was a descendant of the person to whom the grant had been given," she continued. "He was much surprised at this and replied, 'Anyone in Ravello will tell you that my family is a thousand years old.' I did not give his request much attention and finally asked him to leave the house. A week later an employee of the mayor's office came to inform me that unless I had an opening made in one of the walls which separated my property from the street, I would lose my deed of possession. I was thunderstruck. The mayor's messenger smiled as only a Ravellese can, then burst out laughing and added, 'Madame need not worry. The peasant owns no pigs and probably never will. He is much too poor.' I then asked why this peasant made such a nuisance of himself. 'The Ravellese are a proud people,' he explained, 'and any one of them would be very pleased to have the pigs' privilege because then they could boast that six centuries before their ancestors had owned pigs.'"

Ernestine Cannon showed me an arch she had built into the wall which cut off the narrow road from the tiny swimming pool. "That," she said pointing, "is for the purely suppositious pigs. And you will be amused to know that although I offered the old peasant all sorts of inducements to sell me the right of passage, I failed. I have even offered to buy him ten pigs if he would only destroy that ancient document. But his answer is always the same. And at least once a week, he comes by and sticks his head through the arch to remind me of his rights."

As soon as she has installed herself in the house, Ernestine Cannon made up her mind that she should immediately go to work to help the Ravellese. But how? The little town had nothing to offer except its beauty for the now non-existent tourist trade.

The answer came to her one day while the Duke di Sangro was calling on her. Having admired her tiles, he asked her where he could have some made like them. She told him that she herself had designed and baked them. "But that is extraordinary," he exclaimed. "These are as beautiful as the tiles made in Portugal in the fifteenth century." They talked of tiles for hours. "Do you think," she asked him at last, her entire future suddenly unrolling before her, "that it would be possible to create enough demand for tiles to support a tile-manufacturing business?"

"No one who sees this house," he told her, "will be happy until he has his floors covered with tiles as beautiful as yours." (Continued on page 60)

AMERICA'S FAMOUS BPW INDUSTRIALIST

BY IVA WALTZ HOLMES

As soon as Mrs. Knox took over the business, she began operating "the woman's way" by demonstrating to housewives the uses of her product

On Saturday, May 22, 1937, the New York State Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in convention at Syracuse, honored Mrs. Rose M. Knox of Johnstown, president of the Charles B. Knox Gelatin Company, for her outstanding contribution to business during the year 1936. At that time she was eighty.

Now past ninety-one, Mrs. Knox is still president of the business which she took over on the death of her husband in 1908. She directs the policies of the several-million-dollar-a-year business from an office in her home, but up until about a year ago, on any work day of the past forty years, she could be found at the Knox factory.

Though Johnstown citizens claim her as their "first lady," Mrs. Knox is not a native Johnstownian or even a native New Yorker. She was born in Mansfield, Ohio, on November 18, 1857, the daughter of David and Amanda (Foreman) Markward. Early in the 1880's, the family moved to Gloversville, New York. On February 15, 1883, Rose Markward became Mrs. Charles B. Knox.

In 1890, Charles Knox, encouraged by his helpmate, invested his savings in the gelatin business which he left to his wife and two sons when he died. She "took over," as she expresses it, "to hold the business together until the boys were old enough to assume management." Her older son died soon after his marriage, James E. Knox, her younger son, eventually became president and general manager of the company.

If the Knox Gelatin Company has met with tremendous success, credit must go to Mrs. Knox. Know-

Pach Bros., N. Y.



Although past ninety-one, BPW member Mrs. Rose M. Knox still directs the big company she has headed since 1908

ing that her product was used almost exclusively by women, she decided to appeal directly to housewives in her advertising. Her husband had tried to attract attention to the Knox name and product by acquiring one of the first automobiles, a stable of race horses and a then-fabulous "flying machine." Mrs. Knox, in contrast, spent half a million dollars on research, built an experimental kitchen, and advertised by distributing millions of free booklets which gave women recipes and suggestions for new ways to use Knox gelatin.

Mrs. Knox proved herself not only a shrewd businesswoman, but also a good employer. "Live and let live" has been her motto. She championed the five-day work week, never installed a time clock, never had a rear entrance for employees, and always insisted that workers bring their grievances directly to her or her son at any time. Result: she has never had to contend with labor problems. Being a woman, she does, of course, have "a woman's way." Thus, housekeeping on a factory scale called for a rule that every piece of brass, even in the engine room, be kept polished; closets and locker rooms tidy; grounds beautiful.

BUSINESS acumen is something that Mrs. Knox has managed to exercise even in her hobby. The aristocratic orchids which she raised demanded careful and intelligent culture, so she decided to make them pay for themselves. As a result, she combined the intangible joys of raising rare flowers with the very tangible profits of marketing them.

Superimposed on Mrs. Knox's keen business sense, courage and vision, was the conviction that in order to

be successful, one must also be thrifty. Once, she sent her niece to the store to buy a quarter of a yard of lace. Asked why so small an amount, she replied: "Because that is all I need."

MRS. KNOX is probably the most publicized of America's women of business. In a leading article of the January first issue of *Collier's Weekly*, entitled "Grand Old Lady of Johnstown," Edith Asbury characterizes her as America's foremost woman industrialist. From time to time, other national magazines have published articles setting forth her achievements as a business leader.

The first woman ever to attend a meeting of the American Grocery Manufacturers' Association, and the first woman ever to be elected to its board of directors, she was for years one of its most active and valued members.

The city of Johnstown has benefited conspicuously by Mrs. Knox's generosity. It was through her interest and efforts that, in 1920, a Federation of Women's Clubs for Civic Improvement of Johnstown was organized. She became its first president and still serves actively in that capacity. This group did much to preserve and beautify the historic city. Among other things, it made an attractively landscaped park of the approach to the Sir William Johnson Hall. Today this is one of Johnstown's loveliest points of interest. Mrs. Knox's private contribution to the project was a rustic "look-out," from which passersby can gaze out across the Mohawk River Valley to the hills of the Cherry Valley, rekindling images of old Indian days, when dusky inhabitants kept watch over the lands.

Among Mrs. Knox's other contributions to the city she loves have been an athletic field, clubhouse and stadium. To Knox Junior High School, named in her honor, she gave a fund for the purchase of library

books. To her church, she gave beautiful chimes in memory of her husband; also an auditorium amplifying system. She presented chimes to the Slovak Catholic Church, a swimming pool to the Y. M. C. A., a Sunday school room to the A. M. E. Zion Church, and The Willing Helpers Home, at the south end of the city, to the town's elderly ladies who, during their declining years, want peace, comfort and happiness.

These are big gifts. They are known to the public. But many people bless the name of Mrs. Charles B. Knox for gifts given quietly and unostentatiously, gifts which have alleviated suffering and want.

Johnstown's BPW Club has only one life member. That member, of course, is Mrs. Knox. She has contributed generously to the success of the club. She has often shared the beauty and hospitality of her spacious home, Rose Hill, and the experiences of her wide travel in Europe and South America with fellow club members. Thanks to her assistance, one of the club's most successful projects, the Student Loan Fund, was not only started but also sustained.

At ninety-one, Mrs. Knox is still active, sharp of mind and keenly interested in the affairs of the world, still searching for ways to serve humanity.

Although Mrs. Knox now works at home instead of in her office at the plant, each morning finds her at her desk busily dictating to her secretary. The afternoons she usually spends conferring with her son, James Knox, and other Knox executives.

Of his mother, James Knox is quoted by Edith Asbury as saying that he doesn't pretend to be filling his mother's shoes. "Nobody will ever really fill them," he says. "She's a real business genius, and they don't come along very often. She merely moved up to chairman of the board, and what I mean is up." There's no doubt about it—Mrs. Knox is still the big boss.

WE EARN

OUR FUTURE

by

Ada Simpson Sherwood

Bring a brave future, I begged of Life.

Fill it with peace and not with strife.

Lead me along a joyful street,

Petals of roses 'neath my feet,

Sapphire skies in the heavens above,

Hours surrounded with things I love,

But Life all my longings spurned,

Your future must be earned!

I will pay the price, I cried at last,

Build me a future out of the past.

Take my skills when I did my best,

Take my triumphs, my winning zest,

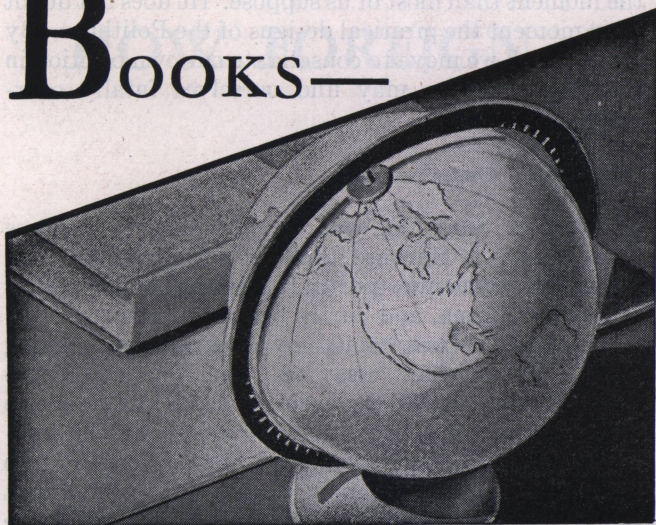
My master strokes, and build for me

A future all may be proud to see.

Life turned in cold disdain away.

You must earn your future day by day!

Books—



THERE was a time—not so long ago, either—when a state of chronic apprehension was considered an unhealthy mental symptom. If thinking about the future frightened you into fidgets you were just ripening for the psychoanalyst's couch. But not any more, apparently. Now you're supposed to be scared. If you are not a mass of jitters and twitches these days, it means that you have been reading the recipes and skipping the editorials.

This frivolity can be remedied. If there are any literate Americans not quite stiff with anxiety, the Messrs. Bradley, Hirschmann, Mowrer, and Welles can take care of the matter—jointly or severally. They offer a wide variety of experience, and some colorful shades of political difference, but any one of them can make the reader feel that our survival as a nation depends upon the exercise of more foresight, patience, intelligence, and altruism than, on the record of the past, we seem likely to attain any time soon.

David Bradley is the real alarmist—as he means to be. One of the group of specially trained medical officers assigned to the Bikini task force, Dr. Bradley explored the edges of the radioactive cloud with his Geiger counter, boarded the bombed ships ahead of the decontamination parties, and found time to note in his diary a vivid day-by-day description of the dawn of the atomic age. "No Place to Hide" (Little, Brown; \$2) is a fine documentary preview of doom. In his study of the insidious and deadly radiation poisoning, Dr. Bradley offers impressive proof that the bomb is not just another weapon, a kind of super block-buster, but a new and cataclysmically destructive force of nature. This, in the face of a growing complacency, is a warning which needs to be heard. Nor is it Dr. Bradley's fault that the details are somewhat shadowy. The full truth about the bomb is impounded in the evaluation re-

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED

BY MARGARET WALLACE

port which President Truman, overruling his scientific advisers, has refused to release to the public.

In short we are supposed to be frightened. Our statesmen scold us roundly for indifference to the perils which lie ahead. At the same time they decline in their wisdom to let an expert witness like Bradley tell us precisely what we have to fear.

Are We Rearming Germany?

DAVID BRADLEY writes like a man awed and sobered by what he saw at Bikini. Ira Hirschmann is so angry over what he saw in Germany that he is able to maintain scarcely a vestige of sobriety. As the personal representative of Fiorello La Guardia, then head of UNRRA, Mr. Hirschmann made two inspection tours of the DP Camps in Germany. He was so concerned over the plight of Jewish refugees huddled in filthy rabbit warrens like Funk Caserne; so embittered by the failure of the Allies to solve the problem of Jewish immigration, so sure that the Germans were being coddled by "cynical and conservative" British military governors who barely concealed a leer of anti-Semitism, that he decided the whole thing was a fascist conspiracy. In "The Embers Still Burn" (Simon & Schuster; \$3) he sets out to expose it.

He admits that his anxiety is mainly for the displaced Jews. He feels that the other political refugees, Poles, Balts, Latvians, and Yugoslavs, should be urged to go home again. Apparently Mr. Hirschmann takes no stock in those rumors about Soviet liquidations and labor camps. After all, he argues disingenuously, none of the Polish exiles "had been oppressed by the present Polish government. It had come to power while they were in Germany. Nor was there proof that they would be oppressed if they returned." Their reluctance to do

so is evidence of the conspiracy. They are being kept in Germany, Mr. Hirschmann says, as the core of a military force directed against Russia.

He suspects that the British Foreign Office conceived this plot against the peace of the world, although "ruthless big-business interests" in this country have joined it eagerly. The Marshall Plan, presented as a peaceful program for European recovery, "has been taking shape behind the scenes as a plan to make Western Europe the front line for a war with the East . . ." It is being used to rebuild and reararm Germany because, he quotes General Sir Frederick Morgan as saying: "This time the Germans will be on *our* side."

In the course of this rash argument it is possible that Mr. Hirschmann does some disservice to the cause he is so warmly eager to further. This would be a pity. The tragedy of the Jewish displaced persons is real. The conditions which sparked Mr. Hirschmann's anger in the first place ought to be brought to public notice.

Toward An Intelligible Foreign Policy

THE average American, smarting a little under the conviction that his country has never lost a war or won a conference, traditionally has had small use for the European game of diplomacy. Now he is sitting in the game himself—and with an awfully big stack of chips on the table. He has been told to learn the rules as he plays, that he had better get himself a foreign policy at once or the consequences will be too frightful to contemplate. It is a large order for the ordinary voter, and no wonder that he is showing signs of strain and frustration.

Here are two books he can really get his teeth into if he wants advice. Neither will present him with ready-made answers, but they do contain most of the raw material he needs to start with.

In "The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy" (Knopf; \$2.95) a veteran foreign correspondent examines our foreign policy in its historical perspective and what he evidently regards as its lopsided, illusion-clouded development during the past twenty years. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, once deputy director of the OWI and no sucker for propaganda himself, strips off most of our favorite delusions—that "governments ought to follow the same moral code as individuals," for instance—and exposes the true nature of power. He details the series of blunders which led to our present precarious position astride the world, analyzes the objectives we hope to attain in the future, and reveals with merciless logic the inadequacy of the half-measures by which we propose to attain them. There is no fuzzy writing in Mowrer. His language is as clear as his logic, and simple enough for any high school youngster to grasp.

On a rather different level there is "Profile of Europe" by Sam Welles (Harper; \$3.50). The title is well-chosen, for it is often as informally chatty and colorful as a magazine profile. Less occupied with basic principles than Mowrer, Sam Welles nevertheless feels that the more we know about Russia and the countries in the magnetic field of communist influence the better off we shall be. Mr. Welles is the kind of active and fact-hungry reporter who looks under the hood of Zis cars in order to check up on Russian production figures.

Most of his factual material has been gathered in some such way, but it adds up to a pretty impressive total. His analysis of the Soviet industrial potential is unexpectedly convincing.

Mr. Welles believes that Russia will not be ready for war before 1960, that she is actually far weaker at the moment than most of us suppose. He does not doubt for a moment the piratical designs of the Politburo. By 1960, unless we move to consolidate our own position in the meantime, we may find ourselves fatally over-matched.

Our Economy Under Attack

SUMNER H. SLICHTER, who is a professor of business economics at Harvard, thinks it is time to take stock of our own economy—partly because it is under bitter attack by Russia, and partly because a great internal shift of power from capital to labor has been taking place. His trenchant essay on "The American Economy" (Knopf; \$2.75) analyzes in detail the problems of industrial relations, business cycles, and international trade, setting the stage for a venture into prophecy. Can our economy continue to expand as it has in the past? Or will the tax and wage policies of the new "laboristic" system—as Professor Slichter not very felicitously terms it—destroy the incentives which produce economic achievement?

As a hard-headed and realistic observer, Professor Slichter recognizes almost equally weighty reasons for and against optimism. Still, with a number of sizable "ifs"—if we reduce tariffs and increase imports, if we revise the tax laws to encourage enterprise, if the steady union demand for wage increases does not block expansion by setting the break-even point too high—Professor Slichter thinks the prospect for the future may be fairly favorable. He believes our much-criticized economic system is actually more efficient and equitable than most of us suppose, and he looks for nothing but good from the participation of labor in national policy making.

* * *

So does Eric Johnston, though he has come to the same conclusion by a less academic route. Mr. Johnston, now president of the Motion Picture Association of America, has been doing some serious worrying about our new responsibilities in the world. In "We're All In It" (Dutton; \$2.75) he expands the account of his European travels undertaken as head of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, reporting in detail his talks with Stalin and Masaryk and many a humbler citizen. No one, he thinks, can explain American capitalism to the workers of Europe half so well as our labor leaders. So why not, he suggests, name a few of them ambassadors?

Mr. Johnston has a whole-hearted, perhaps a slightly naive faith in American materialism, and tends to assume that all the other peoples of the earth will find it equally irresistible. (He may, perhaps, be right.) He calls upon Americans to accept energetically the leadership of the non-communist world, to collaborate in the industrial development of other countries, and meanwhile, by remaining united in purpose, to confront Russia with the only argument she understands—a measure of strength which she cannot fail to recognize.

HOW FOREIGN ARE FOREIGN AFFAIRS?

BY ESTHER W. HYMER

With American boys flying the airlift into Berlin, with Americans administering the governments of Germany and Japan, working in ERP and playing so great a role in UN, how can we think of ourselves as a nation apart?

FOR generations we have divided the affairs of the world into two neat packages. One, tied with large bows of deep concern, is labeled "domestic"; the other, held together only with a thin thread of interest, is marked "foreign." Busy as we are with our own everyday affairs, we are likely to put both packages out of the way, and since the war was safely won, it seems that the foreign package has found its way to a top shelf to be examined only during some future—and probably non-existent—period of leisure.

Can we put off even until tomorrow consideration of affairs classified as foreign? Think only of the question of Berlin. Formerly, to most of us, this spelled a six-letter word that meant merely a European city to be visited on a trip abroad. Today it has assumed an almost terrifying importance as the trouble spot in which another world war could start. To the hundreds of American boys flying the airlift, Berlin means a 210-mile air corridor to Tempelhof Airport, where planes swoop in every four minutes to lay down cargoes of food, medicine and coal for the two and a half million besieged Berliners. Recently Berlin formed the somber backdrop to discussions during the session of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris.

To the people on both sides of the iron curtain, Berlin has become a symbol of America's determination to stand firm. Do you commend or condemn the patient discussions in the Security Council, the prolonged meetings of the Foreign Ministers and the expensive supply lines, to maintain that symbol?

On the other side of the world, Korea is the word that presents a policy dilemma where another iron curtain has been drawn at the thirty-eighth parallel. In south Korea, occupied by the United States military government, elections were held last fall under the supervision of a United Nations Committee. If the United States troops are withdrawn as agreed, can the infant Korean republic under President Rhee, just recognized by the United Nations General Assembly, resist the puppet government in the North?

China is a perennial problem we seem to find continually in the foreign package. The remoteness and

vastness of China overshadow the fact that one-fifth of the human family lives there and that they have endured continual fighting and famine for years. The last World War began and ended in the Far East. How can the preliminary skirmish for position now underway in that area be checked?

THERE are many other trouble spots like Palestine and Greece to attract our attention. The United Nations is such a tremendous activity, embracing as it does so many current issues and long-range problems, that it should have a compartment all its own. One of the most important items remaining in the package is Western Europe, because the situation there is closely related to the immediate national interest of the United States.

A plan to meet the economic chaos and widespread poverty that followed the war in all Europe was proposed by Secretary Marshall at Harvard in June, 1947. It was a program, conceived not as a means of combatting any country or doctrine, but of bringing about in Europe a revival based on European initiative and self-help. The proposal was designed to conserve the health and life of the people, to recreate, and, if possible, to improve the pattern of economic life and to preserve freedom and justice through cooperative action. What a tragedy that all the countries of Europe did not respond to the call for recovery instead of just sixteen countries in the west of Europe!

THE European Recovery Program has been in operation since the middle of 1948. Yet, according to its European roving ambassador, J. Averill Harriman, it has shown great progress and is far ahead of what was thought possible. A compact, impressive organization for effective cooperation has been established to motivate the Foreign Assistance Act, passed last April. The Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA), with headquarters in Washington and an arm in Paris, establishes policies and operating regulations to govern the United States' part in the program. There is a special representative in Paris and heads of missions in every country to assist the European nations in de-

veloping and carrying out a balanced international program leading to economic recovery.

The focal point of the recovery effort is the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC) made up of representatives of the participating countries. We can readily understand that their job is not easy when we remember the very real lines that have divided Europe, since it includes assigning the available credits according to needs, approving projects of the individual countries according to the overall plan and bringing about real cooperation among the countries. Under the chairmanship of Paul Henri Spaak, of Belgium, these countries are confident that there is a future and that their business is nothing less than the preservation of Western civilization.

Before we decide whether the program should be continued or whether there should be additional money to finish out the current year, let us look at the record. The story cannot be told in figures alone because it tells about the lives of 260 million people with all their emotions and disappointments. Providing dollars for purchases within Europe to help the Italian farmer, the Belgian steel worker and the Norwegian fisherman may do more to mend the fabric of European economy than restoring bridges and constructing power plants. The human element, which cannot be measured, yet which will determine in a large degree the success of the program, is the will of the people and their courage to continue the struggle to remain free.

There are facts and figures that show some of the results that are being accomplished. Industrial production and electrical power are approximately 12 per cent ahead of 1947. Steel and food production are up over 25 per cent. Purchases between countries have so greatly increased the flow of goods that, until during September, the Intra-European trade was as great as the total for the previous three months. Perhaps the announcement that after 1950, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg will operate as one economy, is a forerunner of greater economic unity or a possible custom union among European nations.

The bottom of the foreign aid barrel was hit in December when ECA announced that it had used up the five billion dollar first-year appropriation. However,

ECA does no buying in or selling to Europe. All goods we ship are paid for at the normal prices through private channels by those who receive and use them. Through the ECA, dollar credits are made available to governments either as repayable interest bearing loans to buy equipment, or as grants to cover food and raw materials. Countries receiving assistance in the form of grants undertake to deposit in a special account called a counterpart fund, an amount of their own currency such as lira, francs or pounds equal to the full dollar cost to the United States Government of items sent to them. Thus, under elaborate safeguards, the dollars we grant are made to do double duty; first, as dollars spent (mainly in the United States) and then as local currencies, such as French francs, on approved projects, such as a French power plant, to speed production and create jobs.

The master plan of action is geared toward full recovery by June 30, 1952. If by that time, its director, Paul Hoffman, pointed out, the average per capita income of Western Europeans could be raised from 320 dollars to around 500 dollars a year, a stronger basis for individual freedom and lasting peace would be built. Upon the success or failure of this plan may depend the survival of a free Europe and ultimately a free world.

How can we do something about these and other "foreign" affairs that have a way of affecting the well-being and security of our homes? The one lesson we learned from the war was the fact that an ill wind blowing anywhere rattles windows around the globe. As individuals, we can write letters to, or perhaps even visit people in other countries, but in order to have an effective part in shaping world affairs, we must work through our government.

We have already paid for the luxury of being spectators in the arena of world affairs, with two wars. If we want our enormous national power to contribute decisively to the peaceful solution of affairs labelled "foreign," each day the package must be examined and effective government measures supported. Only at our own peril can we fail to recognize that in this era of intimately interlocking world interests and problems, foreign affairs have in very truth become our affairs.

OBSERVANCE OF INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION WEEK

THERE will be world-wide celebration of International Federation Week during the last week of February, with Business and Professional Women's Clubs in nineteen countries participating. This year, the theme will be drawn from the words and phrases which make up the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted in December, 1948, by the Third Session of the General Assembly, meeting in Paris. A "Community Guide on Human Rights and the Status of Women," Supplement No. 2, of "Women and the United Nations," prepared by the United Nations Committee of the International Federation, has been sent out to all clubs to assist them in preparing their programs for their International Federation Week. Eleanor Roosevelt, chairman of the Commission on Human Rights, will be among the participants in the round table on Human Rights that will be heard on an International Broadcast February 19, at 12:15 P.M. (E.S.T.) over NBC in celebration of International Federation Week.

WASHINGTON—

POLICY VERSUS PROCEDURE

IT is one thing to state a principle. Certain basic ones are agreed upon by most people. It is quite another to write legislation which will assure practice and enforcement of this same principle without storms of argument, hours of hearings, pages of rewrite and endless amendments.

Some of the issues which the Federation has long supported are in this category and scheduled to come before the present Congress. Weary voices, impatient of seemingly endless delays, want to know *why* it takes so long to secure what appears to be simple justice.

On Federal Aid to Education, for example—aside from the people who oppose grants by the Federal Government to states for any purpose—there is disagreement among its staunch supporters over the mechanics of distribution.

Should there be equalization only; that is, should only the states below a minimum per pupil expenditure be given funds, or should *all* states receive a return? The argument for equalization hinges on the fact that it would involve less money. Contrariwise, more prosperous states protest expenditure of taxes collected from all states for the benefit of only a portion of these states. It is further averred that interest in policies and distribution would be much more sustained and widespread were all states to participate in benefits.

Another heated controversy arises over the restriction of Federal funds to public, tax-supported institutions. Some states provide transportation, textbooks or other services and supplies to private school pupils. They maintain it is a state right of policy to expend a like proportion of Federal funds similarly.

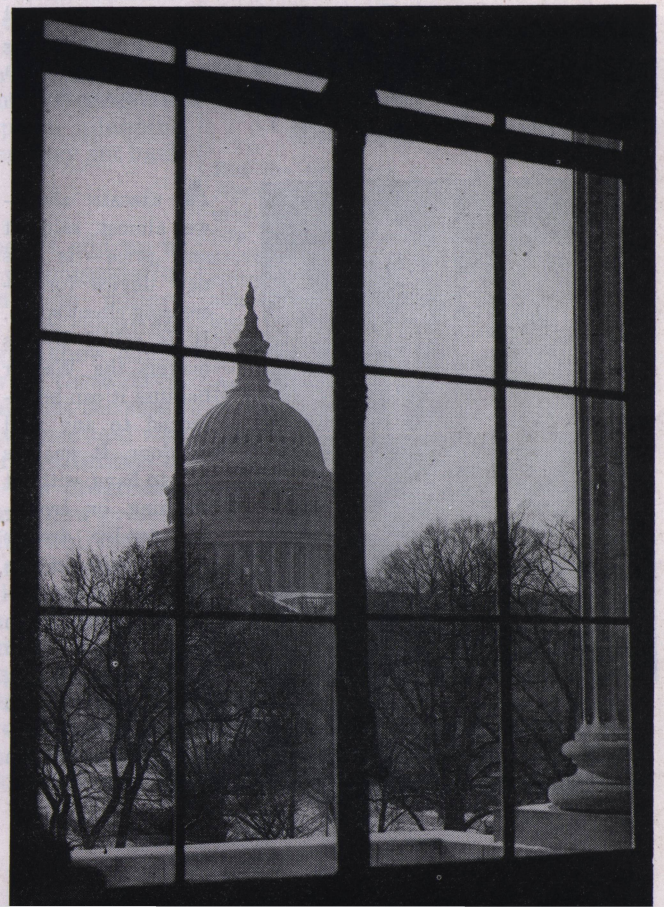
On Equal Pay, a principle which has widespread agreement among all groups, there are the methods of enforcement, penalties and standards of work to be considered. Business objects to further paper-work and extension of government jurisdiction. Labor wants job classification to be extended and the rate for the job to prevail. Women simply want Equal Pay, but, of course the mechanics must not be so cumbersome that they jeopardize women's jobs as some "protective" or "restrictive" legislation has seemed to do in certain instances.

Conservation is another subject of public as well as private concern, but the principle of legally forcing individuals on privately owned land to conform to con-

servation practices, no matter how good, encounters opposition. States, too, guard their traditional jurisdictional rights and object to Federal "Authorities" or Bureaus usurping them.

So it goes, each step entailing the American right of all to be heard, the evaluation of end results, the gradual formation of new concepts and the education of the public to accept the necessity for such laws.

THAT is the key to *why* many things take so long in Congress. Under our system of law-making it is the will of the majority which prevails, provided that majority is prepared to state clearly and practically what its will is. The Federation as one of the great groups of public opinion molders must be informed and active in working for those principles *and* procedures in which it believes; only in this way can it expedite the process.



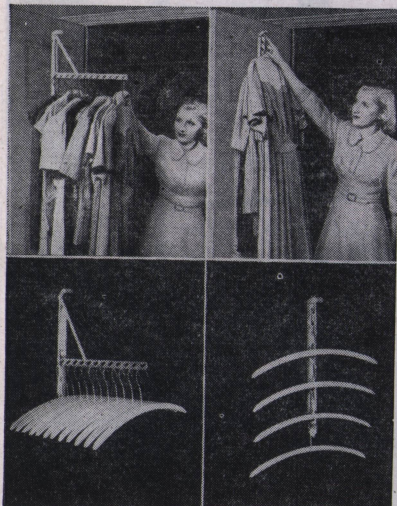
This Month —



THAT never ending job of adjusting hemlines to the ever-changing mode is made unbelievably easier and less bothersome by a new skirt-marker, put forth by John Dritz and Sons of New York City, that you can use perfectly without aid from anyone. In one simple operation it accurately measures and correctly chalks the line for the new

hem. And it is the only skirt marker so far obtainable that measures low enough for ballerina and ankle-length dresses. Wonderful for marking hems for draperies also. And so inexpensive! Try it, and you'll agree that at \$1.00 it's a bargain. Another revolutionary time-saver for home sewing is the Dritz Tailor Tacker. It gives you perfectly tailored tacks in a quarter of the time. Just twist the knob and, in one operation, mark both sides of the material. Price \$1.00.

THOSE famous authorities on keeping your hair beautiful, the Ogilvie Sisters, have put out a water map of the United States showing where the water is hard, soft or medium, telling you how you can safely soften the water of hard-water areas, and giving you many other suggestions on how to keep your crowning glory at its most glorious. Free of charge on request from Miss Vivian Lloyd-Jones, advertising manager, Ogilvie Sisters, 227 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.



A BARGAIN also — we almost said at any price — is this new device for increasing closet space. It is called by its makers the Waldor because it can be attached to any wall or door. It enables you to hang, without crushing or crowding, twelve dresses or six suits in the space usually required for two. From the picture you can see how beautifully,

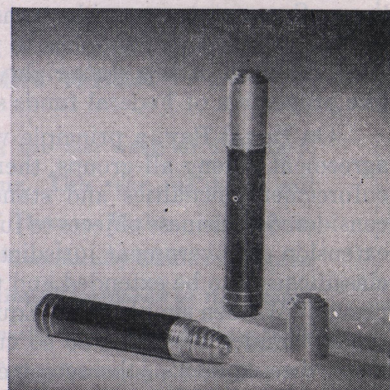
when it is opened up, it displays every garment. And you can open and close it with one simple twist of the wrist! Obtainable by mail from the Nu-Products Company, 548 West Fulton Street, Long Beach, N. Y., for \$1.50 plus 15 cents for postage.

HERE'S something new and interesting in a mitten — this time a mitten that serves not just one but many and various uses. It is made of a sponge-like cellulose that drinks up water in enormous quantities and puts it to work, cleaning anything from the baby's face to the family car. It is perhaps at its best, however, in washing dishes, glassware, silver, tile, windows and woodwork. It can be sterilized by boiling and can be used in strong solutions of disinfectants without injury to its composition. Once tried, the Gold Seal Mitten is in for a long, active and useful life in any home. You'll find it for sale in the housewares section of almost all department stores, and also in most hardware and chain stores, most reasonably, at about 50 cents.



ONCE more we should like to suggest that members of the Federation who own their own businesses, or who are in a position to make recommendations to the firms with which they are associated, give serious consideration to **INDEPENDENT WOMAN** as an advertising medium. Members who are now advertising in our magazine report gratifying results. We hereby extend to them our most sincere thanks and appreciation for their patronage and cooperation. And don't forget to patronize our advertisers whenever possible, and when making purchases to mention **INDEPENDENT WOMAN**. Send for our rate card.

ONE of our ingenious members has used her head and come up with a new perfume dispenser that can be trusted not to leak or to lose any of your precious scents through evaporation. It is called Dab because a touch of the ball point releases a dab of perfume. It comes in four attractive colors — maroon, blue, yellow, green or gold and with a contrasting cap and trim of gleaming satin-finish aluminum. To be had direct from the Precise Instrument Parts Company, 4522, San Fernando Road, Glendale 4, California, price \$1.50. —D.B.S.



SHE HELPS US KNOW LINCOLN

(Continued from page 36)

Pond serves as editor of the New Salem catalogue. During the time the furnishings were being collected, Mrs. Pond kept a detailed record of every piece—its donor, its original owner, its value and where it is placed. This data was used by the state of Illinois in the making of the New Salem catalogue. This catalogue is the official guide to the cabins and is available to visitors to New Salem. Since, from time to time, additional pieces are donated, additions are made to keep the catalogue up to date.

Mrs. Pond is a dynamo of energy. Yet her actions are unhurried and gracious. Her voice is low and pleasant. Her blue eyes sparkle as she talks. For all her important accomplishments and contacts she retains a naturalness and joy in living which is wholly charming. She possesses infinite tact—a quality which stood her in good stead in the selec-

tion of the furnishings for New Salem. Often it became necessary to decline a gift because it was not of the period or appropriate to the setting. Usually, Mrs. Pond was able to bridge such situations without causing offense or hurt feelings.

Despite the time and study which Mrs. Pond puts into her work of making Lincoln and his time better known to us, she is active in numerous other community affairs, prominent among which is animal welfare. Because of her interest in finding homes for stray cats and dogs, she is considered by the townspeople as a sort of one-woman humane society.

Writing of her, Robert Kingery, general manager of the Chicago Regional Planning Association, director of the department when the work of furnishing the cottages of New Salem was in progress, said, "Her tremendous energy, her exhaustive knowledge, her firm insistence on the authenticity of each article combined to create a force which has made the restored village of New Salem the important historical museum it is today."

OUR BPW SENATOR FETED

(Continued from page 37)

years. The BPW is largely responsible for putting me in the Senate. My work in the BPW taught me the very touchstones of political success. It taught me to develop cooperation. As an inclusive, rather than exclusive, organization, it offered me greater variety of personal contacts than other groups. It taught me efficiency in committee work and officership. It taught me how to give and take in the participation of debates and discussions, in the development of powers of expression, and the growth of ideas.

"I know of no other organization that has as much to offer business and professional women. I know of no organization that can provide better training in cooperation, tact and efficiency. I know of no better way of increasing one's chances of success than participation in the BPW.

"And the BPW shows its loyalty to its members when it really counts. I know, because the Maine Federation of the BPW was the only women's organization to endorse my candidacy for the United States Senate. I shall never forget what the BPW did for me in my hour of need, and—most significantly—before, rather than after the victory."

for FEBRUARY, 1949

AS THE STAGE GOES . . .

(Continued from page 40)

her report to Congress.

Thereafter the plot becomes a dizzy and highly involved business but in the end it all comes out happily with the ex-Nazi night club singer being led off in the custody of the military police, and the congresswoman and the captain planning what they will do when they get back to Iowa.

PROBABLY all this doesn't add up to much in the way of propaganda for more qualified women in policymaking posts. But it does constitute a couple of straws which show which way the wind is blowing these days. At least, it's something that the stage—which Bernard Shaw once said was always the last of our institutions to take up a new idea—has progressed to the point where it can now present a woman in public office who is not a hatchet-faced shrew motivated only by frustrations and incapable of feeling any of the normal impulses of a normal member of the female sex. Paraphrasing and amplifying the title of the current musical success that features a woman president, we might say, "As the stage goes, so goes the sentiment of the people."

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



Sells Story After 5 Weeks of Training

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Ft. Worth Press. Then Soda Fountain Magazine accepted a feature. By the twelfth assignment I had a short story in the mail."—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

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NEWSPAPER Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

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BOOKS FOR INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION

A JOB FOR EVERY WOMAN, by Louise M. Neuschutz, The H. W. Wilson Company, New York, \$3.00.

Women interested in self-creative jobs, according to the author, include women who must earn but who lack training and experience, those who are handicapped by age in employment, those who must earn while at home, those who must rehabilitate themselves, and those who can give only part-time to work outside the home. Invaluable to the woman planning a "bread-and-butter side line" which may provide her with a means of livelihood if circumstances take her from her present field of work. The types of jobs described are classified as: "Help to the Busy Mother," "Help to the Sick," "Food Services," "Special Services," Commercial Services, Teaching of Skills, Rental Services and Exchanges, Needlecrafts, Handicrafts, Interior Decoration, Free-lancing, The Green Thumb, Pets, and Small Business Ownership. Each section provides a suggestive list of references and many of the sections give hints on how to get started and how much can be earned.

WRITERS: LEARN TO EARN! by Mildred I. Reid, Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, \$2.50.

In this sixth book of a series of textbooks on creative writing, the author places particular stress on emotions and characterization. There are chapters on conflict,

tightening, unity, organization, plotting and many other angles of fiction writing essential to successful creation.

MAKING MONEY AT HOME, by Earl B. Shields, 107 West Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, \$1.00 postpaid.

A widely varied selection of home income projects for men and women of all ages, for spare time extra dollars, for full time, full scale family income, or for security and independence through an adequate retirement income.

SCANDINAVIAN MITTENS, by Kajsa Lindquist, Plays, Inc., Publishers, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, 50c.

The mitten patterns in this book, complete with graphs and illustrations, include modern Swedish designs as well as traditional motifs and the adaptations of weaving patterns currently popular in Sweden.

MAYFAIR AFGHANS, by Jane Anderson, Plays, Inc., Publishers, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, 50c.

In these twelve original designs, only four decorative stitches, added to the plain afghan stitch, are used: claw, popcorn, puff and triple crochet, and in no afghan here will there be found more than two of these stitches, and in some, only one.

ELIZABETH, CAPTIVE PRINCESS, by Margaret Irwin, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, \$3.00.

This continuation of the novelized biography of Queen Elizabeth, begun in "Young Bess," covers the dramatic period beginning with the death of young Edward VI and ending with the arrival in England of Philip of Spain and his first encounter with the nineteen-year-old Elizabeth who is already displaying the genius for statecraft that distinguished her reign.

THE BELOVED SPY, Harry Stanton Tiltonson, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, \$3.50.

An account of the short but eventful career of Major John Andre who died on the gallows at the age of twenty-nine, a victim of Benedict Arnold's perfidy. Major Andre is here shown as one of the most colorful characters of the American Revolution.

THE STORY OF INDURAJA, by Hilda Wernher, Doubleday & Company, New York, \$2.75.

The author of "My Indian Family" symbolizes the conflict of modernism and tradition in this story of a Hindu marriage. Well worth reading for its rich and detailed picture of life in princely India today.

PROVIDENCE TO THE RAVELLESE

(Continued from page 50)

"Then I know what to do," she said.

The following day she traveled to nearby Salerno to explain her plans to her old friend Matteo de Agostino. Agostino, she said, would have to convert one of his ceramic factories, bombed out in the war, into a factory for tiles. She would train the Ravellese in the old lost art of tile baking. Agostino agreed and went to work the next day.

"Neither of us had any money to speak of, but then everyone started to come forward with offers to help us. Within three months the factory was operating. Night after night I stayed up, designing tiles—ancient Persian and Arabic tiles as well as the most modern I could devise. We got wonderful results.

"The chief difficulty was in setting the selling machine in motion. Ravello is isolated, off the beaten track. The tiles the Duke di Sangro ordered for his beach house near Amalfi proved a godsend. He often had large house parties, and the word

traveled to Rome and Paris that the cheapest way of making a house attractive was to pave it with tiles. Orders began coming in from all over the world, even from South Africa."

It takes an inventive, creative genius like Ernestine Cannon's to center the attention of an entire house on its floors. In hers, and in Count Cittadini's and the Duke di Sangro's beach house near Amalfi, the white-washed walls, the half-moon shaped windows, the arched doorways seem made to go with the stylized, imaginative flooring. She uses flower and animal motives in some, and geometrical patterns in others. In Sangro's, for instance, nautical designs, along with fish drawn in white against a blue background, are much in evidence, while in her own house harvest symbols predominate.

TILES make the most economical floors possible," says Miss Cannon, "because they require no carpets and are so easy to clean. In America, where servants are so hard to find, I think they should be a great solution, especially in the country. In Florida or California, for example, what could be more suitable?" As I

looked about her house, her argument seemed altogether convincing.

Ernestine Cannon rises at six o'clock, spends the mornings drawing, the afternoons checking tiles in the factory, and the evenings granting interviews to people who require her assistance. She holds no official position in Ravello, yet neither the mayor nor the prefect wield as much power as she. When men talk of her in the streets, they stand with uncovered heads, and women light candles before the statues of the saints for her happiness. When tourists arrive in the square after the tortuous climb from Amalfi, guides often forget to mention the twelfth century churches, the views over the coastline and the luxuriant gardens of the Villa Rufolo where Wagner found his inspiration for the second act of "Parsifal," to sing the praises of the American lady sent to them by God. Her name to the Ravellese is unpronounceable; therefore they always talk of her as "Lady of the Tiles." And it is as the Lady of the Tiles that Ernestine Cannon will always be remembered by the people of this Italian community for which she has worked so gallantly and effectively.

OUR LEADERS GATHER FOR ANNUAL MIDYEAR MEETING

AS INDEPENDENT WOMAN goes to press, plans are nearing completion for the annual meeting of the members of the Executive Committee with the national standing committee chairmen, the Federation's legal adviser, the Federation's parliamentarian and the members of the executive staff.

This year the meeting is scheduled to take place January 20-23. All the business sessions as well as the dinner on Friday, the 21st, at which the group are to join the Board of the New York State Federation, and the luncheon on Saturday, the 22nd, are scheduled to be held at the Hotel Statler, formerly known as the Hotel Pennsylvania, in New York City.

The members of the executive staff are looking forward eagerly to welcoming the distinguished visitors to the national executive office on the afternoon of Thursday, the 20th, for an informal reception and a tour of inspection of the various departments where their directives are carried out. Over a friendly cup of tea, it is expected that officers and committee chairmen will hold preliminary discussions in regard to the work ahead with each other and with the staff members charged with the task of discharging the work in their various areas of interest.

As always, the purpose of the meeting is to lay the groundwork for the National Federation's program for the next club year, and also to discuss and make recommendations for the Federation's Legislative Platform. According to established procedure, the recommendations will then be sent to the members of the Legislative Recommendations Committee for their approval, and then be presented to the National Board when it meets in Jacksonville, Florida, in July.

According to present arrangements, the daytime hours on Friday are to be devoted to the planning of

the National Federation's program for 1949-50. In the evening, the group is to join the members of the New York State Federation and their guests for an informal dinner held in connection with the meeting of New York State Federation's executive board. Outstanding speakers, who have recently been working with women's groups in Germany and Japan, are scheduled to speak on their experiences and impressions, and to explain what women's groups in this country can do to facilitate the efforts which agencies of the United States Government are making to familiarize German and Japanese women with American ideals and institutions and to win them over to the ways of democracy.

THE morning session on Saturday, which is in charge of the Legislative Recommendations Committee, will be devoted to a consideration of any recommendations with respect to the Legislative Platform that may have been sent in from the membership. At noon, the group is to be entertained at luncheon at which the Federation's president, Dr. K. Frances Scott, is to speak.

Scheduled for the afternoon session on Saturday is a discussion of programs for state conventions and regional conferences.

On Sunday morning it is expected that the members of the executive committee will go into executive session for an all day meeting at which various plans for the work of the Federation in the months ahead will be discussed.

A full report of the meeting, together with informal candid camera snapshots of the women at present charged with the task of planning the work of the Federation and carrying out its program and policies, will be presented in the March issue of INDEPENDENT WOMAN.

THE PICTURE ON THE COVER

IN the photograph on the cover of this issue of INDEPENDENT WOMAN, the newly elected senator from Maine, Margaret Chase Smith (right), is seen receiving from the Federation's president, Dr. K. Fran-

ces Scott (left), a huge bouquet of telegrams of congratulation sent Senator Smith from our state federations, local clubs and individual members at a luncheon after she had been seated in the United States Senate.

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WHEN YOU WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

BY ALBERT WOODRUFF GRAY

WHY is it that on some days we feel a joy in mere living, while on others, only a bleak emptiness or a deep depression?

What brings the sense of futility, the feeling of "what's the use" that occasionally comes to us all?

The answer, in most cases, is mere boredom. Boredom, suggested Casanova, was a part of hell that Dante forgot to describe. Modern psychologists tell us that we should see in it a danger signal, a warning of a loss of inner balance that, too long neglected, may destroy efficiency and ultimately lead to disaster.

Don't blame it on the monotony of your work or your personal life. A surgeon or any other professional worker may go on with his work for a lifetime, and never, except possibly for a fleeting moment, experience this feeling.

Then what is the cause?

Boredom, says one well known medical authority, is the consequence of two conflicting desires, one a want to continue a task and the other a want to get away from it.

"Somewhere along the evolutionary way a tendency to be active—mentally if not physically—rather than passive, has been ground into mankind's very germ plasm," asserts Professor Albert G. Keller of Yale University. "It amounts to a kind of instinct. Call it restlessness if you like; it is the reaction against existing or prospective boredom."

Side by side with the desire for activity of mind or body exists another equally strong desire, the desire to loaf. Here are two urges, each of equal strength, pulling in opposite directions. If you allow this situation to go on indefinitely, there will come to you the feeling we describe as boredom.

Every one of us needs to be doing something. This something does not necessarily have to be serious or even important, but it must be an activity that holds the interest. According to the ancient proverb, it is idleness that gives Satan his chance.

This feeling of boredom may also arise from any inner psychological

conflict—emotional urges pulling in opposite directions; a desire for the good things of life coupled with a lack of means for achieving them; a craving for more leisure or recreation than the nature of your work makes possible to you.

The sense of boredom from conflicting interests varies in intensity with each individual. Conditions boring to one person may not be so to another. One person enjoys bridge. Another may spend the night waiting to secure a ticket for a ball game where another would not attend were he given the ticket.

For some individuals the monotony of repetitive work is exhausting; for others exhaustion is the consequence of varied work. In any factory or office, some workers, even though able and competent, show no desire to be advanced to supervisory positions. They actually prefer the monotonous, repetitive tasks that leave them free of responsibility. In others, monotonous and repetitive work induces the boredom that leads to exhaustion.

The eminent psychologist, Hugo Muensterberg of Harvard University, tells of an employee in an incandescent lamp factory who had worked as a lamp packer for twelve years. Each day she wrapped an average of 13,000 lamps with tissue paper, twenty finger motions for each lamp, forty-two to forty-five seconds for every twenty-five lamps, fifty million lamps wrapped in this way during the twelve years she had been on this job. She enjoyed her work. To her it was interesting, and held a sense of variety. Such a job to another worker would be the road to a physical and mental breakdown.

BOREDOM showing itself in a desire to "get away from it all" is not the effect of work but of inner psychological conflicts in the worker. If you are repelled by continually repeated tasks, long hours of monotonous typing, comptometer operations, tabulating or filing, make allowances for such likes and dislikes as you

possibly might for distasteful food.

Professor Muensterberg suggests that this aversion to monotony lies in a dislike of the particular type of work, not the work itself. Some workers are unable to hold their attention on work in which the same operations are repeated over and over again, while others find in each repetition a stimulus to attention. In one case repetition produces an excitement and interest; in the other it brings boredom and exhaustion. "This mental torture," continues Professor Muensterberg, "is evidently the displeasure which such individuals call the dislike of monotony in their work."

THE failure to recognize an individual aversion to monotony as an individual trait penalizes workers for no fault of their own, and often leads them into the acceptance of a job in which it is impossible for them to do justice to themselves in their work. Exhausted and depressed, they become faultfinding and complaining, bemoaning the lack of opportunity, noise, working conditions, the attitude of their supervisors—anything that serves to objectify their annoyance and exasperation. They become incompetent, "hard to get on with" and disturbing to all those about them.

The woman who has this aversion to monotony should first recognize it for what it is, simply an individual peculiarity or characteristic; and then avoid work requiring repetition and monotony. Lastly, if such work does become necessary, she should find an interest in the work itself. When interest comes, monotony disappears.

"The ideal situation," says Dr. Edmund Bergler, the well known psychiatrist, "is when work is also 'fun.'"

Push this aversion to monotony as far as possible into the background. Work, for the majority of us, is a prerequisite to existence. Let us try to find in our work an interest and satisfaction of the instinctive urge for activity that is latent in us all.

CITATION DEADLINE MARCH 15, 1949

NEW clubs chartered between March 15, 1948, and March 15, 1949, constitute the basis for determining whether clubs earn the SPONSORING CITATION and whether state federations are eligible for the EXPANSION CITATION. (September INDEPENDENT WOMAN, page 276.)

If you have prospective clubs pending, their organization should be completed immediately, and application papers should be sent at once to the national executive offices for processing preparatory to ordering the charter.

As of December 31, 1948, 9 new clubs had been chartered in North Carolina since July 1, 1948; 6 in California; 5 in Mississippi; and 4 in Illinois. Colorado, Louisiana, Oregon and Texas each had 3 newly chartered clubs; Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, 2 each; and Arizona, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New Mexico, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota and Vermont, 1 each.

Along with their activities pertaining to stabilizing and increasing club memberships, membership committees should explore the possibilities for new clubs in neighboring communities. Report your findings to your district director and state membership chairman. Learn how your club can best cooperate with the state federation's expansion program.

Check with your state membership chairman and district director regarding the potential membership in your state in contrast to the actual membership of your state federation. The wide disparity between the two figures will be an eye opener, and will provide positive proof that the three functions of every membership committee—stabilization, extension, and expansion—must have greater emphasis than ever before if we are to attain our national goal of 153,330 members by July 1, 1949.

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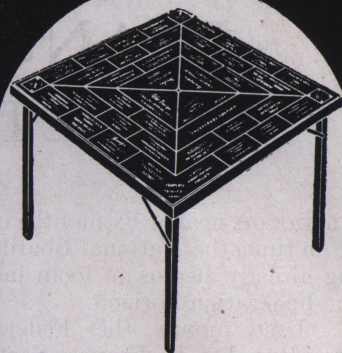
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GOODBYE TYPEWRITER— HELLO CAMERA!

(Continued from page 47)

gremlins gang up on me. But life is made up of what we want from it. If we want regularity, stability, security, then those are the things we are likely to get—usually on a salaried job. If you aspire to the heights, you must be prepared for an occasional slump into the depths. The high moments of successful achievement are known only to those who undertake creative work; yet *no* one but they will know the heartaches and headaches creative work can bring.

"Stick-to-it-ive-ness" is probably the most important factor in making a success of almost anything, rating above ability or brains. We can improve on our ability from day to day; we can strain our feeble brains to the utmost; but perseverance is what takes us through the storms.

Like William Allen White's father, old "Doc" White, who periodically operated a shop (at which he always made money) just long enough to finance his practice of medicine (which always ended up in

the red), I have occasionally had to backtrack a bit, swallow my pride, and become a typist again for a space of time in order to meet the heavy obligations incurred for photographic equipment and supplies. On one of these occasions I typed for a concern that later developed into one of my best clients for commercial photographs. That was a lesson on how to turn a liability into an asset!

There will be times when you will need all the "stick-to-it-ive-ness" you can muster. Doubts will assail you. You will ask yourself, "Am I reaching too high?" "Do I have what it takes?"

It's not easy to be a lady and a photographer, too. Instead of smelling of Chanel No. 5, my perfume is usually D-72. Often I become so engrossed in laboratory work that I have to be routed out. On such occasions it is my long-suffering spouse who prepares the dinner.

Business needs more women working independently and more women would do well to take their courage firmly in both hands and venture forth upon whatever independent enterprise holds out to them the thrill and the solid satisfactions that come from independent creative endeavor.

PLANS FOR NATIONAL BOARD MEETING GET UNDER WAY

ALTHOUGH nearly six months distant in time, the National Board meeting already begins to loom large on the Federation horizon.

Last month the Federation's president, Dr. K. Frances Scott, and its executive director, Olive H. Huston, went to Florida for a conference with Elizabeth Heth, president of the Florida Federation and National contact chairman, and Verdie Selman, chairman of local arrangements in Jacksonville, and other leaders of the Florida Federation. As a consequence, the local committees have now the go-ahead sign for making their arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the visitors and the mechanics of staging the program; and other committees also have—or soon will have—their green light for planning the program to be staged.

The place, as most of you already know since it was announced in the August and September issues of *INDEPENDENT WOMAN*, is Jackson-

ville, Florida; the headquarters, the George Washington Hotel. The dates for the Board meeting proper are July 1 to 5. According to regulation procedure, however, the members of the Finance Committee will convene for meetings in advance of the opening of the Board meeting, beginning on the morning of June 28 and continuing through the daytime hours of June 29. On the evening of June 29, a dinner will be given in honor of the members of the Executive Committee by the Florida Federation.

On June 30, the Executive Committee will hold its customary all-day meeting, and in the evening the Florida Federation will give a reception to which all Federation members are invited. The Governor of Florida will welcome the members of the National Board and Dr. Scott will deliver her annual address.

On the morning of Friday, July 1, the Board meeting will open; and business sessions will be held morning

and afternoon. In the evening, there will be an open meeting at which speakers of national importance will be presented.

On Saturday, July 2, the daytime hours will be given to business sessions; the evening, to play—the play in this instance being a beach party given by the Jacksonville Club.

Sunday morning, July 3, is left free for church attendance. Sunday afternoon, there will be a business session, and Sunday evening an open meeting with outside speakers of eminence.

ON Monday, July 4, the time will be given to business sessions up to four o'clock; from four to six, to workshops. In the evening comes the big closing banquet at which a top-flight speaker will be presented.

The morning of Tuesday, July 5, will bring the final business session, after which the Executive Committee will go into executive session for its final meeting.

DR. PHYL. AND MOTHER M.D.

(Continued from page 46)

allied with vocation. Once settled in Brisbane, she founded and became president of the Mothercraft Association, and her efforts were rewarded when the group named a hostel in her honor. She has been active in the National Council of Women and has served as its president and vice president. She has also been president of a medical pre-school child group and has worked with the kindergarten union and in housekeeper training and all other movements relating to the welfare of women and children. She asserts that household duties occupy more of her time here than they did at home—a statement which is not too difficult to understand when one considers how much else besides household tasks she managed to accomplish in Australia. Although her time was taxed by a large family and a large medical practice, she still managed to serve as a specialist lec-

turer in mothercraft and in maternal physical education at the University of Queensland medical school. In addition to her lectures, for the past twenty years she has served as a consultant-columnist—under the names Dr. Phyl. and Mother M.D.—for daily papers and women's weeklies. She has also run a country-wide mothercraft correspondence service. During the war, as head of the Mothercraft Association, she was influential in presenting a series of talks on sex hygiene and venereal disease to various groups of girls from shops, banks and offices. A similar series was given to women in military service.

THOUGH not registered to practice medicine here, Lady Cilento has been active, investigating welfare and maternity centers and hospitals, ferreting information out of the New York Health Department, and, each week, attending a nutrition clinic.

Lady Cilento has never before lived in the United States, but during the war she had the opportunity to

make the acquaintance of many Americans in her own home, since General MacArthur's headquarters were situated in Brisbane. Brisbane, in fact, was "like a huge camp of United States soldiers since it was the jumping off place and the returning place of the Pacific."

Despite the fact that American soldiers and nurses who visited the Cilento home on weekends gave Lady Cilento a preview of life in the United States, she asserts that she was lost when she actually got to this country. With the initial adjustments behind her, however, she is now beginning to enjoy New York. She says that she is grateful to the International Federation offices for helping her to make valuable contacts, and to learn her way about so that this most recent upheaval in her life has been less difficult than some of the previous ones. Indeed, when all is said and done, it is far easier for an Australian to grasp the logic of an American cab driver's homely philosophy than to fathom the mysterious ways of a South Pacific aborigine.

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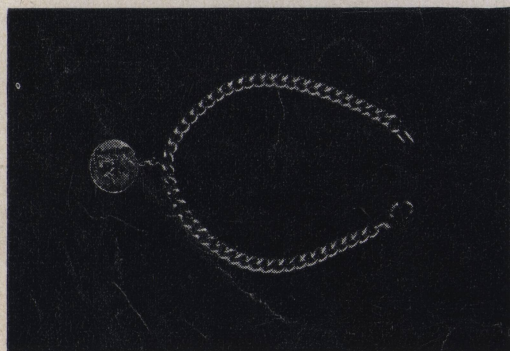
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